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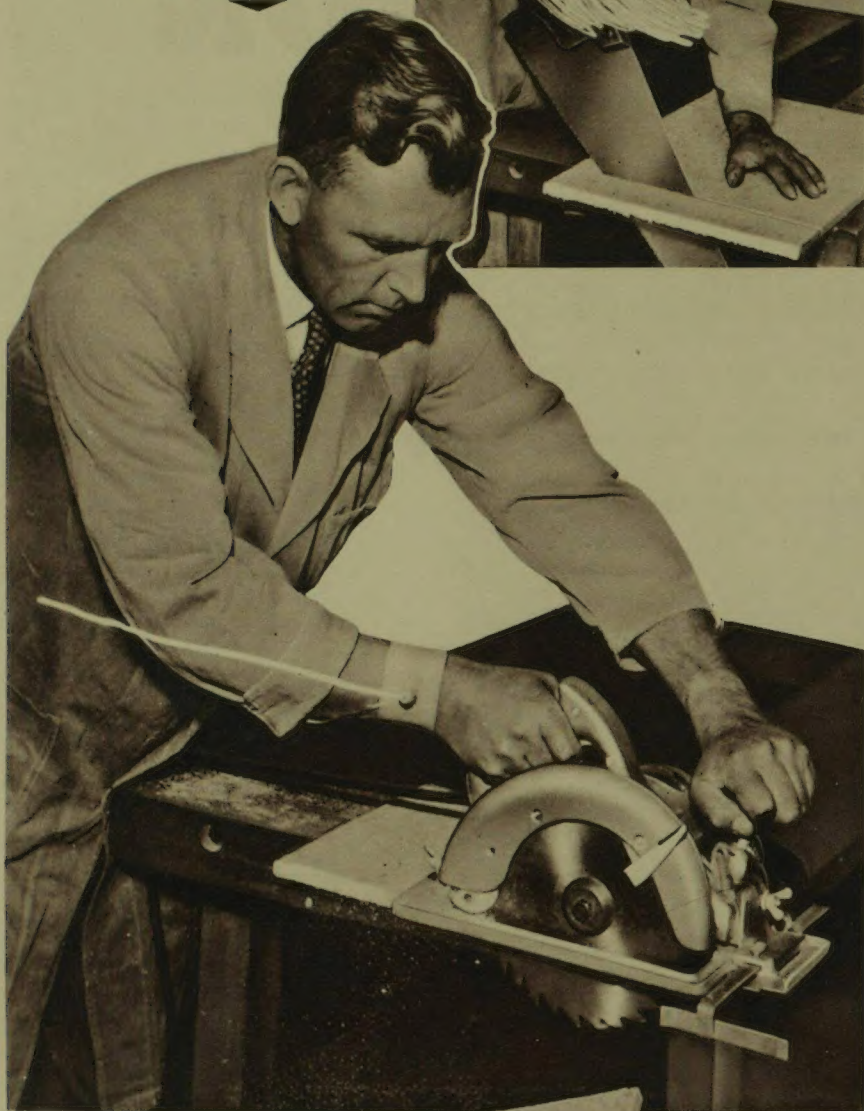
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For this test a 15" saw cut was made in  $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick chipboard.  
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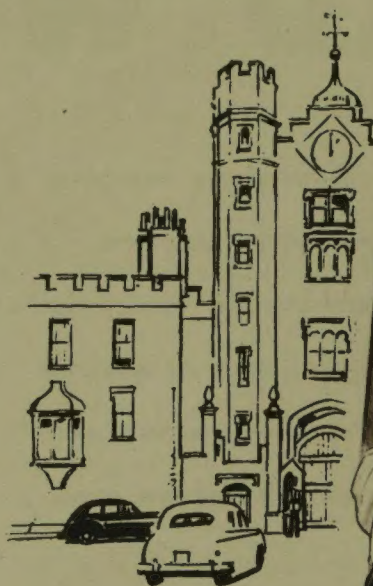
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If you are a businessman, remember that here is a perfect background in which to begin a really successful American trip. While they are unhurried, and unworried, you meet the men who may make all the difference.

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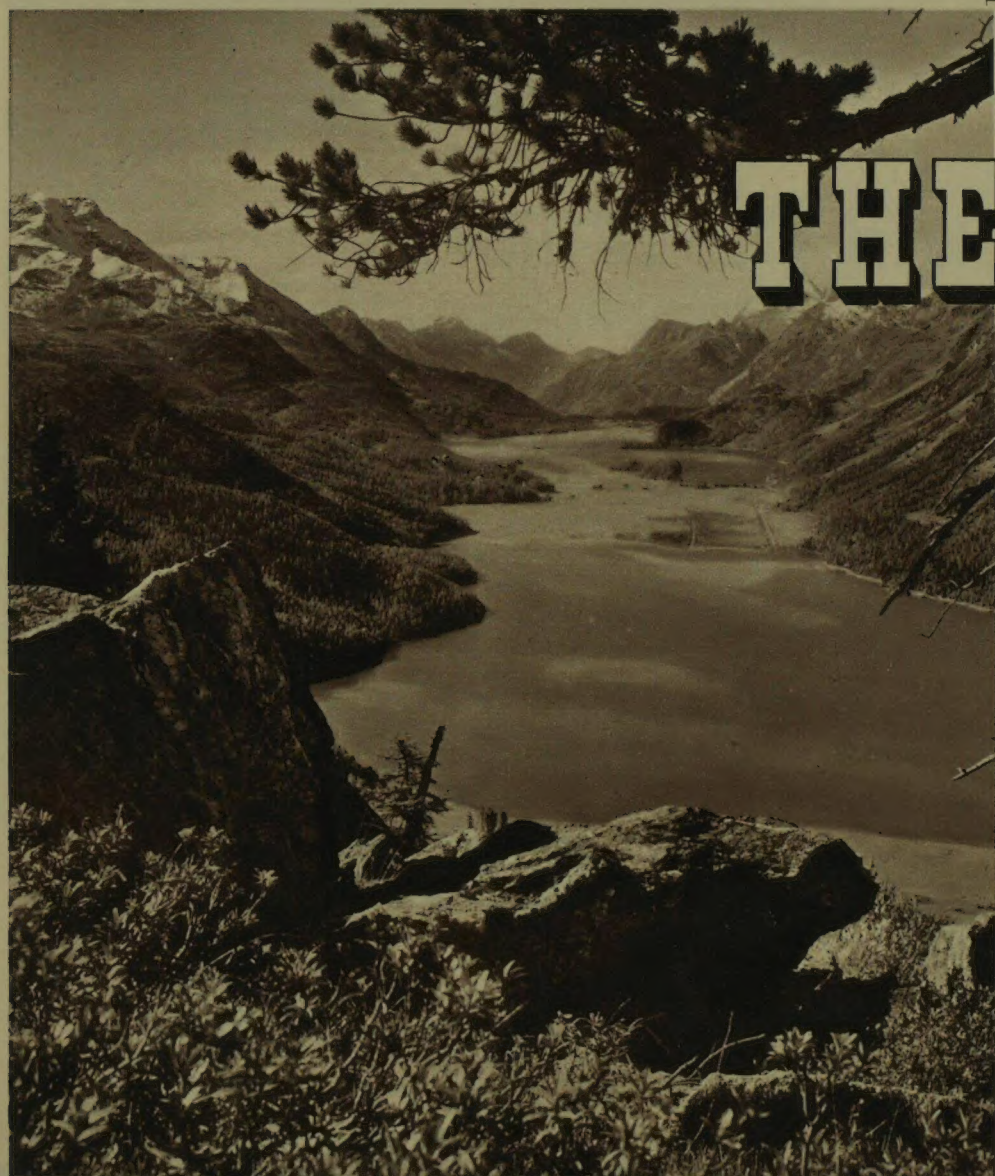
s.s. UNITED STATES	1st Class	£125.0.0
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For further information and booklets apply to: your travel agents, the Swiss National Tourist Office, 458 Strand, London W.C.2, to either the Official Enquiry Offices of the above resorts or to the Grisons Tourist Office, Coire (Switzerland).





**"I never miss" said the Major,**

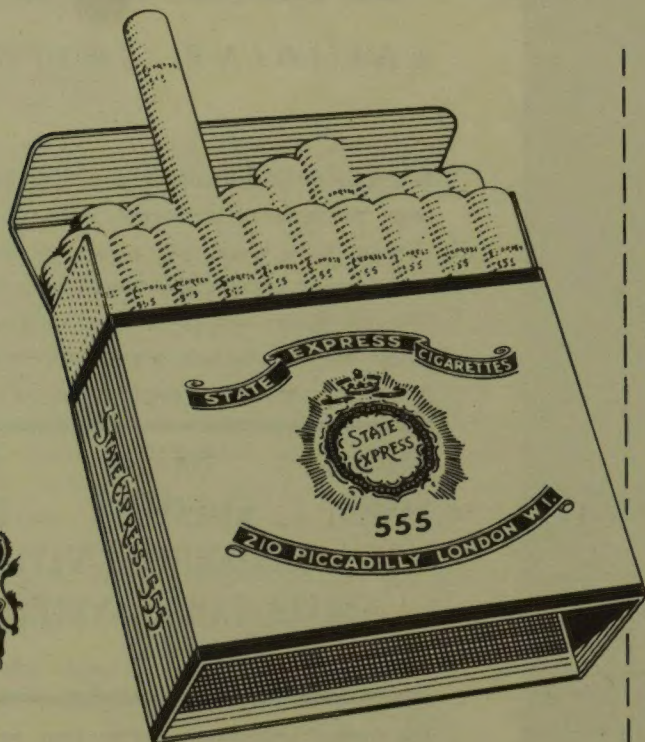
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### *Tournedos Rossini*

is sumptuous: a medallion of fillet steak with a slice of foie-gras on top, crowned with truffles. Some of the other terms you may encounter when steak is on the menu are explained below.

## A Guinness Guide to Steak on the Menu

**D**O YOU KNOW the cuts of steak? These brief descriptions may help. **FILLET STEAK**, the best cut, comes from the undercut of the sirloin, also known as the tenderloin. **RUMP STEAK** is self-explanatory. **POINT STEAK** is the rearmost cut from the rump.

A **PORTERHOUSE STEAK** is any complete cut of steak, before it is divided into individual portions. A **CHATEAUBRIAND** is a 'joint' of steak, 3 or more inches thick. **TOURNEDOS** are smallish, roundish, thickish pieces of fillet steak, sometimes called **FILETS MIGNONS**.

**SOME FAMOUS STEAKS.** Some of the ways of cooking and serving steak, and their culinary names, are set out here.

**TOURNEDOS CHASSEUR** are pan fried and rolled in a sauce made with mushrooms, shallots, chervil, white wine and tomato purée.

**TOURNEDOS DAUPHINOISE** are grilled and served on croutons with mushroom sauce. **TOURNEDOS BEARNAISE** is served with a sauce made with fresh tarragon and chervil, wine and egg yolks. **STEAK DIANE** is beaten out thin and flared with brandy before frying.

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*This year . . . next year . . . sometime . . . ever*

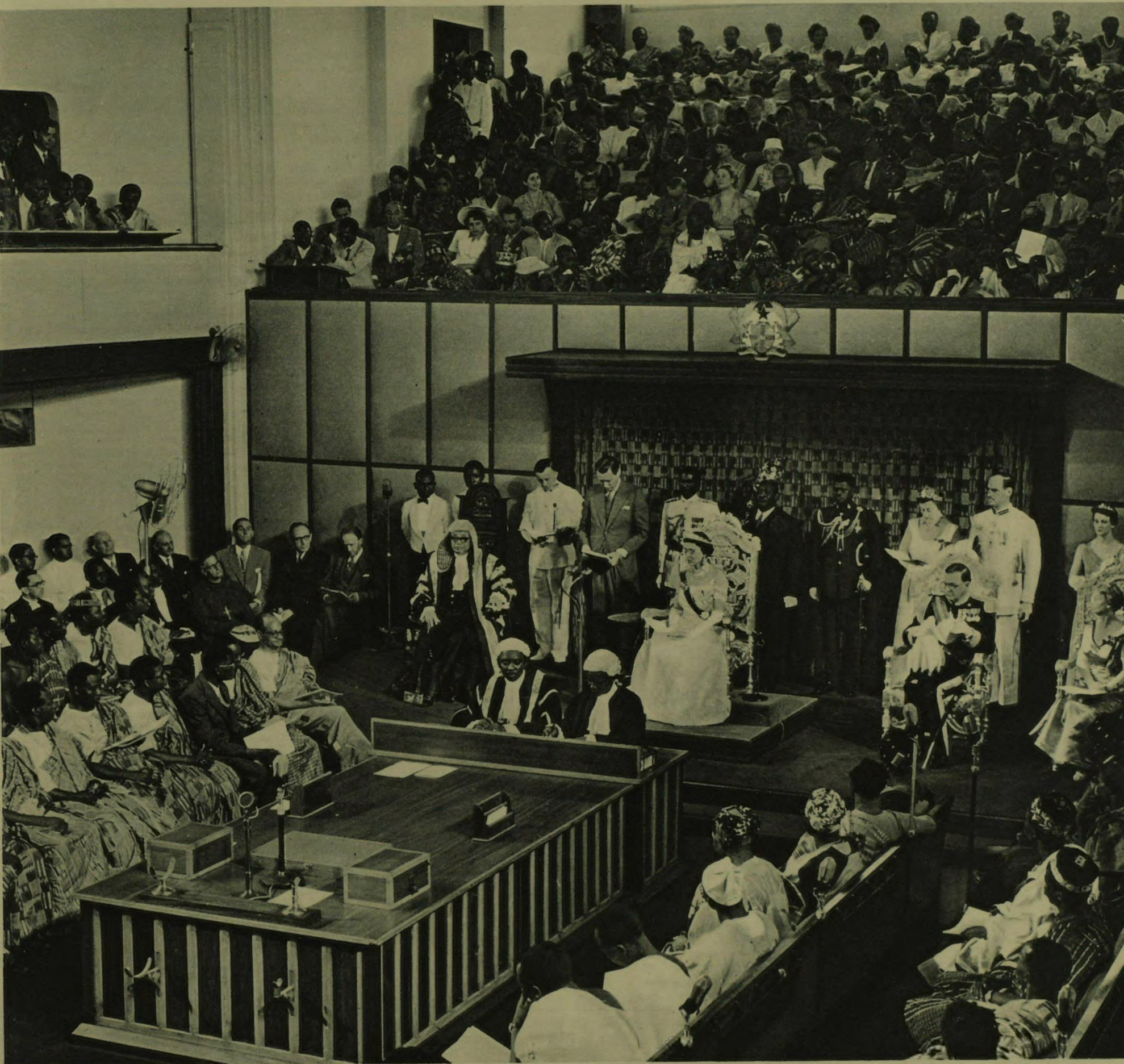
**SPAIN**



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SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1957.



**GHANA IS BORN: THE DUCHESS OF KENT, REPRESENTING HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, OPENING THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF THE FIRST INDEPENDENT COMMONWEALTH STATE TO BE RULED BY AFRICANS.**

The first Parliament of Ghana was opened by the Duchess of Kent, who was representing the Queen, at Accra on March 6. Ghana had officially attained independence at midnight a few hours before, becoming the first Commonwealth State to be ruled by Africans. The Duchess of Kent read the Speech from the Throne to the 104 M.P.s of Ghana assembled, in brightly-coloured costumes, in the Parliament building. Among the distinguished guests present were Mr. Nixon, the Vice-President of the United States, and Mr. Butler, Home Secretary. The sentence in the Speech from the Throne in which the Queen renounced the United Kingdom Government's authority

in Ghana was greeted with smiles and murmurs of "Hear, hear!" from the Government M.P.s. After the Speech, Dr. Nkrumah, Prime Minister of Ghana, moved that a humble address of thanks be sent to the Queen. He said that they parted from the former Imperial power with the warmest feelings of friendship. The Duchess of Kent later attended a garden-party given by Ghana's first Governor-General, Sir Charles Arden-Clarke, and in the evening attended a ball given by Dr. Nkrumah at the State House. Thousands of Ghanians celebrated in the streets throughout the day, many wearing dresses on which were large printed portraits of Dr. Nkrumah.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I AM writing this in London. But a hundred miles away, in a valley of beechwoods on the Wiltshire-Dorset border there is an old low-roofed byre, much loved in my boyhood, where earlier to-day I was greeted by seven of the most beautiful soft-coated, gentle-eyed, questing-nosed Jersey calves I have ever set eyes on. They came shyly snuffling across the straw-carpeted floor of their winter's home at my approach; their lot, to one about to return in a crowded train to London, seemed not unenviable. Their owner being a dairy farmer with a young herd still in its expanding stage who does little or no dealing in cattle, they and their sisters—their helpless little brothers, the bull-calves are, alas, less fortunate—can look forward to a peaceful life in park-land pastures shaded by ancient oaks and beeches, to ambling twice daily at a friendly herdsman's call along familiar paths and lanes to a spotlessly clean milking-shed, to a changeless round of lactation and calving in a life without terrors or disturbance other than perhaps an occasional visit, for the handsomer members of the herd, to a local show or, maybe, if their owner ever reaches these dazzling heights, to the "Royal." Like the life of the fortunate boys in the poet's nostalgic lines on Eton College,

Slow on your dial the shadows  
creep,  
So many hours for food and  
sleep,  
So many hours till study tire,  
So many hours for heart's  
desire . . .\*

Leaving aside the fact that little cows, unlike little Eton boys, do not have to devote any hours to study—they ruminate instead—the parallel between these fortunate animals' lives, so far as they can be predicted in this uncertain world, and those privileged youths of half a century ago in that, to everyone but an Harrovian, hallowed seminary, is not unapt.

"Look thou upon that picture and on this!" A few weeks ago I received a letter from another dairy farmer whose farm is a few miles away from one of the assembly points where, until the Government intervened to check and investigate the alleged abuses of the new agricultural trade of exporting live cattle to the Continent for slaughter, dairy cows destined for the cattle-boats and the French ports and railways were collected for the start of their gruesome journey to death. In this place my correspondent wrote, "hundreds of cattle, week after week, month after month, have to spend up to four days while awaiting transport by train to the docks. The entire area consists of eighteen inches of mud and water. The animals can scarcely move; some animals have had to be dragged out of the mud with ropes and winches. It is impossible for any animal to lie down during this period (and certainly impossible when penned at the markets, on the railway sidings, on the trains, on the docks, or in the ship, as they are all too crowded together)."

"There is one water-trough by the road, but less than one-tenth of the animals ever get to it. The heavy steers horn the old cows away, and being parched themselves, stand guard over it, and it is in any case impossible for 200 animals to share one trough, even if they were not floundering in mud up to their bellies. One can safely say that the majority of these animals, which arrive starved and thirsty after days in the markets and in transit from all parts of the country, are not able to drink. As for the 'food' supplied—this consists of barley-straw thrown down into the mud.

"People are being sickened by the daily sight of old cows being driven down the road, staggering along with painfully distended udders from which the milk is squirting. . . . It is horrifying to think that cows in milk are being condemned to this long trek to the French abattoirs. No adequate arrangements for milking can possibly be made. An Inspector of the R.S.P.C.A. accompanied 195 animals on one journey. They were shipped on board 12½ hours before the boat sailed. The voyage lasted 29½ hours—that makes a total of 42 hours. They received one 'feed,' of mildeyed barley-straw thrown in their midst. What possible arrangements can be made on these cattle-boats for milking? When the animals arrived at the French docks they were glassy-eyed, dazed, gored by horns, starved and thirsty and near collapse—whereupon they were mercilessly beaten about the head by the

pitiless French dock hands while being driven into pens, and heaven knows how long they exist there before they finally enter the abattoirs, which are not conducted under the same rules as English ones."

Much of this may be exaggerated by the strong humanitarian feelings of the writer—feelings which I respect and share—for only part of it is based on direct personal evidence. It may be far less than just to those who, in the course of earning their livelihood, are engaged in this much debated traffic. An interesting article in a contemporary stoutly denies, on the part of the Trade, that there is any more cruelty involved in it than in, say, the time-honoured import of Irish cattle into England. "Our conclusion is that the export of live cattle to the Continent does not entail any more or less suffering for the animals than their handling for similar purposes in Britain. Both here and abroad, it is in the interests of those engaged in the trade to maintain adequate standards of feeding, watering and resting of the cattle which are their business. To ensure that this is done, public vigilance is a good thing; but there is no cause for hysteria."† With reference, I imagine, to the painful articles on the traffic that appeared recently in the

*Sunday Times*, the writer described the arrangements for the voyage to the Continent.

On board, the cows are put in pens and tied by rope which passes round their horns to an iron bar. Few of them lie down during the seven-hour trip from Felixstowe to Calais. It was a quiet crossing and there was little lowing by the cattle. Troughs of water were offered to some of the cattle but I did not see them drink. Mr. Hans Lund, in charge of the shipment, is another farmer's son who went to sea. During the voyage he made several inspections around the stock decks. "We have to be careful that they don't fall over and hang themselves," he said. On a recent trip a cow had unexpectedly calved. The pens seemed roomy enough for the numbers they held and the ship was surprisingly free of unpleasant odour. It is thoroughly cleaned after each crossing.

Arriving at Calais in the early hours of the morning, the cattle were unloaded in a fraction of the time it took to load them at Felixstowe. They were led into a great shed with troughs at one end, but none were in any haste to drink.

Apart from the language, the French drovers behaved no differently from their British counterparts in moving the cattle.

"This isn't a spiv industry to make quick profits at the expense of suffering cattle," the manager of one of the principal companies engaged in the trade is reported as saying in the same article. "Precisely because we are cattlemen we know how important it is to keep the animals in good condition. After all, that is our business. Should any cattle arrive in sub-standard condition

they are rejected and we aren't paid. A 2 per cent. loss could wipe out our return on an entire shipment." Another trader said: "A suffering animal is a sick animal and I can't sell it. I would discharge any man I found hurting cattle. It's common sense."

The Minister of Agriculture has given an assurance that the conditions of the export trade in live cattle would be thoroughly investigated and, if more cruelty was reported, the export of the animals would be stopped. It is hard to farm and trade in living, sentient beasts without cruelty of some kind: indeed, so long as human beings live on animal flesh, it is impossible. But humanitarian opinion in this country, often in the face of prolonged and bitter opposition from vested interests, has long established the principle that in Great Britain needless cruelty to animals is a wrong to be suppressed by law. One hopes that, in an age of threatened standards, our Government and Legislature, after fully and carefully investigating the facts, will stand firmly by the principle. One cannot come into daily contact with animals and study their behaviour, both under kindly conditions and unkindly, without becoming increasingly aware that they possess as strong a capacity for feeling—for fear, terror and agony—as we. If our religion of love and understanding has any meaning, it means this: "Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." St. Francis, who understood better than most men the nature of Christian love, included in the denomination of brethren, "My brother Ox and my brother Ass."

## THE ABINGDON GIANT AIR TRANSPORT CRASH.



THE WRECKAGE OF THE R.A.F. BEVERLEY TRANSPORT LYING IN FARM BUILDINGS AT DRAYTON, NEAR ABINGDON, WITH THE TAILPLANE IN THE FARMHOUSE ROOF. FIFTEEN SERVICEMEN AND TWO CIVILIANS WERE KILLED.

On March 5 an R.A.F. *Beverley*, a 60-ton transport aircraft carrying eighteen servicemen and more than a dozen R.A.F. Alsatian police dogs, had just taken-off from Abingdon when an engine fault was discovered and the aircraft immediately returned to the airfield. While losing height rapidly, it struck a tree with one wing, struck the ground, shedding one wing and an engine and skidded about 100 yards, obliterated a pre-fabricated house and a caravan, somersaulted among farm buildings and burst into flames. The caravan was empty, but in the house a housewife and an electricity meter reader were killed. Of the aircraft's complement, fifteen were killed and of the three survivors one was dangerously ill at the time of writing. Some of the dogs escaped from wreckage but were severely burnt and had to be destroyed. A court of enquiry opened at Abingdon on March 6 and a number of questions on the disaster were asked in both Houses of Parliament on the same day.

\* From "The Collected Poems of Robert Bridges," by permission of the Clarendon Press.

† "A One-Way Trip to the Continent." By B. L. Solon. (*Picture Post*; March 4, 1957.)



## THE DUCHESS OF KENT IN GHANA.



A LITTLE GHANIAN GIRL WITH "INDEPENDENCE" PAINTED ACROSS HER CHEST.



AT A STATE BALL ON MARCH 6, GHANA'S INDEPENDENCE DAY: THE DUCHESS OF KENT DANCING WITH DR. NKUMAH.

## GHANA CELEBRATES ITS INDEPENDENCE.



AT THE STATE WELCOME TO THE DUCHESS OF KENT ON MARCH 4: A DRUM MAJOR OF THE GOLD COAST REGIMENTAL BAND IN THE ACCRA STADIUM.



AFTER THE OPENING OF GHANA'S FIRST PARLIAMENT: THE SCENE AS THE DUCHESS OF KENT LEFT PARLIAMENT HOUSE ON MARCH 6.



IN THE SUPREME COURT AT ACCRA: THE DUCHESS OF KENT LISTENING TO A SPEECH OF WELCOME FROM SIR ARKU KORSAH (ON HER RIGHT).



IN ACCRA: THE DUCHESS OF KENT CUTTING THE TAPE WHEN SHE OFFICIALLY OPENED THE GHANA MUSEUM ON MARCH 5.

Celebrations and a three-day holiday attended the end of colonial rule in the Gold Coast and the birth of Ghana as the first Commonwealth State to be ruled by Africans. On this page we show some of the engagements carried out by the Duchess of Kent while on her six-day visit during which she opened—as the Queen's representative—Ghana's first Parliament. A photograph of this great occasion appears on the frontispiece of this issue. On March 5, the eve of the day on which Ghana officially attained independence, the Duchess of Kent carried out a number of engagements. In the morning she attended a public convocation at the University College of the Gold Coast and later



DURING A THREE-HOUR NATIONAL DURBAR HELD IN HER HONOUR AT ACHIMOTA: THE DUCHESS OF KENT GREETING A CHIEF FROM TRANS-VOLTA, TOGOLAND.

she opened the Ghana Museum, which houses the collection begun by the University College in 1951. On leaving the museum, she laid a wreath at the war memorial, outside the Supreme Court building, and afterwards entered the building to be greeted by the Chief Justice, Sir Arku Korsah, the first African Chief Justice in the Gold Coast. Later she attended a regatta and, in the evening, opened the Independence Monument. On March 7 a three-hour national durbar was held in the Duchess of Kent's honour at Achimota, near Accra. Attending this colourful pageant were over 100 chiefs from all parts of the country, each of whom greeted the Duchess.



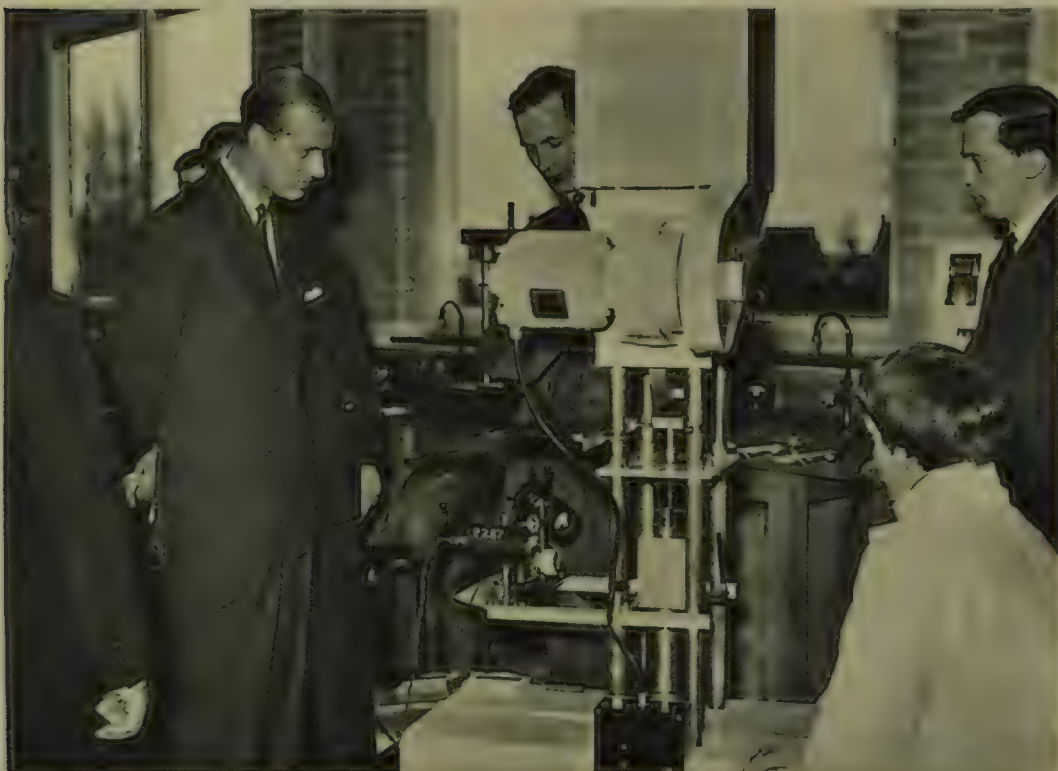
## THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S INTEREST IN SCIENCE AND IN INDUSTRY.



ON BOARD THE MOTOR YACHT *NAVIGATOR*: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WATCHING THE *DECCA* MARINE TRACK PLOTTER WHICH CONSTANTLY TRACES THE SHIP'S POSITION ON A CHART.



DURING HIS VISIT TO THE *DECCA* FACTORIES AT MALDEN, SURREY: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LOOKING THROUGH A TRACKING TUBE.



AT STOKES ORCHARD, NEAR CHELTENHAM: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WATCHING A BRIQUETTE BEING MADE AT THE COAL RESEARCH ESTABLISHMENT.

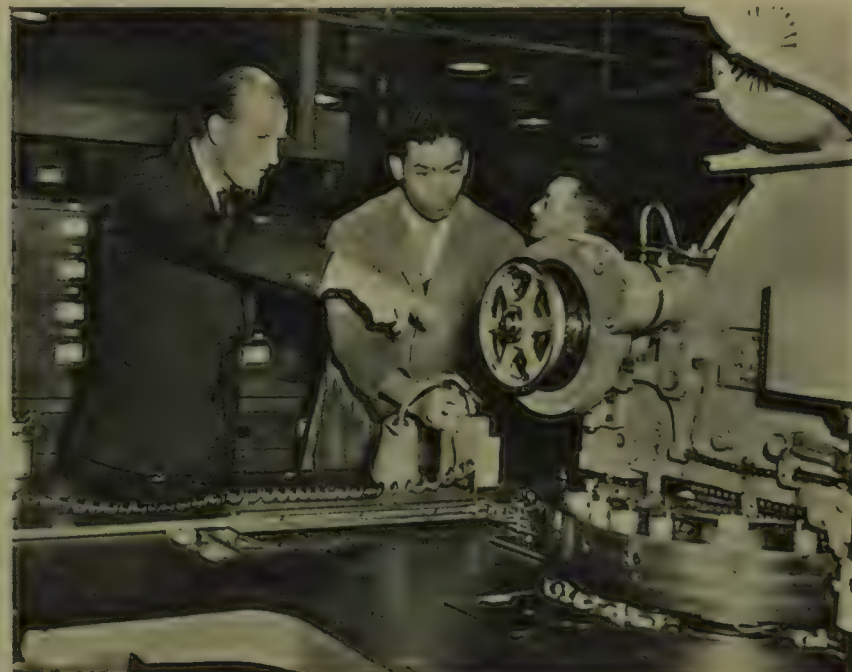


IN THE FLUID CARBONISATION DEPARTMENT AT STOKES ORCHARD: THE DUKE WATCHING A TOY DUCK RISING FROM A CONTAINER OF FLUID COAL-DUST.



AT THE *DECCA* RADAR FACTORY: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TALKING TO THE OLDEST EMPLOYEE, MISS LILY DAWSON, OF ROTHERHITHE.

Since the Duke of Edinburgh's return from his world tour he has been fulfilling, once again, a busy programme of public engagements. On March 7 he saw a new radar invention demonstrated during a Thames trip in the motor yacht *Navigator*, when he saw "true motion" radar, in which the ship itself moves across the screen instead of remaining in the centre. This system gives an instant visual indication of the true course and aspect of every ship on the screen. Later the Duke toured the factories and laboratories of Decca Radar Ltd. at Malden, Surrey, where he saw secret



IN THE HEAVY MACHINE SHOP AT MALDEN: THE DUKE WATCHING THE METAL STAMPING PROCESS DURING HIS TOUR OF *DECCA* RADAR LTD.

navigation and radar equipment being produced for the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force. On the following day, March 8, the Duke of Edinburgh went to Cheltenham, where he opened extensions to St. Paul's College, a training establishment for teachers. After the college ceremony he paid a four-hour visit to the coal research establishment of the National Coal Board at Stoke Orchard, near Cheltenham. Here once again the Duke showed proof of his keen interest in scientific and industrial developments as well as his far from inconsiderable knowledge of them.





THE MECHANICAL HEART—A VITAL DEVELOPMENT IN SURGERY: A VIEW OF THE MACHINE AT GUY'S HOSPITAL.

It was recently announced that successful operations on the heart using the Lillehei pattern bubble oxygenator have been performed at Guy's Hospital, in London. These entail the machine taking over from the heart for periods up to twenty minutes. The apparatus has been built by Guy's Hospital Thoracic Research Unit, and is a modification of that developed by Lillehei in the United States. The machine is extremely simple to operate and has facilities for manual operation in the event of electrical failure. It can be built for about £500. The pump unit has been supplied by American manufacturers, but the heating apparatus, necessary to keep the blood at constant body temperature, has been developed in this country by the General Electric

Co. Ltd. During an operation the patient's circulatory system is first stabilised through the oxygenator and then the heart is arrested. Once the heart ceases to function the oxygenator takes over completely. The machine not only maintains the circulation but oxygenates the blood and maintains it at body temperature. It has the advantage that the heart can be safely arrested for much longer periods than with hypothermia, the other means of arresting the heart action. Thus this heart-lung machine, which has been examined by doctors from beyond the Iron Curtain, carries heart surgery a stage further than the use of hypothermia, and strengthens the claim that Britain is now ahead of the U.S.A. in cardiac surgery.



THE character, aims and background of Colonel Abdel Nasser are among the most important factors in the present and future of the Middle East. About the third of these there is no dispute. The first and second are subject to differences of opinion. This is partly because the Egyptian dictator exercises great charm on those who come into personal and private contact with him. In the second place, it is due to the fact that, apart from his blameless private life, there are two Nassers in official life. One is the orator in public and on the radio, the writer of proclamations, flaming, extremist, and unscrupulous. The other is the diplomatist and the man who gives interviews, more moderate and realistic, with certain qualities of statesmanship.

It seems worth while to summarise these conflicting views and make as fair an estimate as possible, starting from his origins. He was born in 1918, the son of a post-office clerk or minor official. Twenty years later he was commissioned from the Military College and posted to an infantry regiment. His background is thus typical of the Egyptian Army and paralleled in most of the Arab States, where military officers often come from the middle and lower-middle classes and armies are prone to left-wing revolutionary tendencies. It is also characteristic of Egypt that as a "student"—we should say "schoolboy," but that would sound undignified to the precocious youth of Egyptian schools—he should have been a group leader in the agitation of 1935. He was always strongly hostile to the treaty of 1936.

After service in the Sudan and the Western Desert, Nasser went to the Staff College, from which he graduated in 1948. He served with distinction in the Arab-Israeli war of that year, particularly at Faluja, a name always associated with his own—in the grandiloquent manner of Egyptian journalism he has been called "the Tiger of Faluja." Despite this fame, and the fact that he was one of the leaders in the conspiracy to drive out King Farouk, he appeared to those who knew him at this time to be shy and even retiring in character. He did not seem to be bitterly anti-British, though he was bitterly opposed to the presence of British troops on the Suez Canal, under the treaty.

It was only after the overthrow of General Nguib that Nasser became a world figure and that his revolutionary character and aims became clear. Nguib had to be dealt with not so much because he stood in Nasser's path to the summit, as because he was in favour of constitutional elections which, Nasser realised, would result in the return to power of the old parties, and particularly of the "Pasha" class, whom he despised and hated. He lacked the brains of the ablest among them, but had more energy than any. Yet the British who had dealings with him found him intelligent, if somewhat limited in outlook; he expressed his views lucidly and sensibly without any touch of fanaticism.

I have used the word "limited," which can often be applied to revolutionaries. In one respect,

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### COLONEL NASSER.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

however, again like many of these, Nasser had studied closely one subject, that of revolutionary technique. He was influenced by that of Mussolini. (Yet fear of Mussolini was the main factor on the Egyptian side in bringing about the treaty of 1936.) Nasser has leant in the direction of Fascism, not Communism, though Stalinists and Fascists have both appeared in the ranks of his supporters. His primary aim to-day is to unite all Arabs and, more than that, to establish an Arab commonwealth under Egyptian leadership, backed by the oil resources in which Egypt herself has but a small share. His differences with Iraq are not due merely to the Baghdad Pact, but partly because he sees in her a rival to Egyptian leadership.

from Russia the arms which he could not obtain elsewhere.

At home his programme stands for "the abolition of feudalism," the redistribution of wealth, and the establishment of a smallholding system for the *fellaheen*. The first is a catch-word. The second has been achieved, but the *fellaheen*

have not yet seen as much of the wealth as they would desire. Nor has taxation put Egypt into a better financial situation. It is, however, but fair to say that Nasser knows his ends to be attainable only by means of capital investment. His capabilities and those of his Junta to carry through such measures with success cannot be estimated, but he is right in theory. His greatest scheme was that of the dam, the upshot of which need not be discussed anew. He inherits the old and natural Egyptian anxiety based on the fact that the head-waters of the Nile run outside Egypt.

Nasser has many enemies, by no means all of whom are to be found in the ranks of the dispossessed. His prestige, however, has never been higher. It does not suffer from the fact that his

army, on which his power rests, has been defeated in all its military enterprises. That fact has been so far brilliantly disguised from a generally credulous and ignorant people, and those who know the truth best are either his most deeply committed supporters or his most irreconcilable foes. Their knowledge does not therefore alter the situation much—for the present. His position has been improved by the tenderness shown him by the United Nations. On top of that, he is wooed by the United States and supported by her giant adversary, Soviet Russia. What more can a dictator want? But it may be too good to last.

It is all heady wine for the young son of the little post-office official. Yet he is shrewd enough to see how precarious is his footing in terms of reality. He does not seem much given to self-deception. Nor has he many of the common vices of the dictator, except disregard of international obligations. He is—and this is his most pleasing side—without the tawdry vulgarity which has affected so many of them. He never had social ambitions and does not need them now. A certain amount of exterior glamour and show has to be kept up, but not for his gratification. It is there for business, and beneath its façade there is little in the way of luxury, any more than of ease.

The ironist may be amused by the reflection that if Colonel Nasser had a few more of the milder human frailties and a shorter working day, he would be less dangerous to international society, and probably also to the Arab peoples. This, however, is not an uncommon situation. This man, happily married and with a large family, a slave to his desk, appears novel; but the *bourgeois* dictator has his predecessors, some of whom have lived in closer seclusion than he does. His future can be guess-work only. We do not yet know to what extent he can be rated as stable, but we do know that the situation of Nasser's Egypt cannot be regarded as such, at least without several qualifications.



"FLAMING, EXTREMIST, AND UNSCRUPULOUS": COLONEL NASSER AS THE PUBLIC ORATOR ADDRESSING A WILDLY CHEERING CROWD AT ALEXANDRIA ON JULY 26, WHEN HE ANNOUNCED THE NATIONALISATION OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

In his heart he is believed to have nourished some degree of respect for Britain, though it may be doubted whether this sentiment survived her flight from her own action over Suez. He is not the sort of man to appreciate that sort of policy, however well it suited him. Anyhow, the whole basis for his resentment against her has not yet been removed. Though there are no longer British troops in Egypt, there are still British alliances, protectorates, and oil interests in the Middle East. Few Arab rulers or leaders are as bitterly opposed as he is to Israel. It was the first big Israeli invasion of the Gaza Strip which decided him to rearm on a major scale and to get



# A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—I.



MIDDLE EAST. THE ISRAELI EVACUATION FROM THE GULF OF AKABA: AN ISRAELI FRIGATE WITH MEN AND EQUIPMENT ABOARD STEAMING OUT OF SHARM EL SHEIKH.

(Right.)  
**MIDDLE EAST.**  
AFTER THE ISRAELI WITHDRAWAL FROM GAZA: SOME OF THE THOUSANDS OF ARABS WHO DEMONSTRATED AFTER THE FINAL TROOPS HAD LEFT ON MARCH 7.

The last Israeli formations to leave Egyptian soil departed from Sharm el Sheikh on March 8, leaving both that region and the Gaza Strip under United Nations control. The Israeli withdrawal from Gaza was followed by extensive Arab demonstrations, and on March 10 U.N. troops were forced to use tear-gas and fire over the heads of 300 Arab demonstrators who were demanding the immediate return of Egyptian administration. It was later reported that the Egyptian Government had appointed an administrative governor.



WEST GERMANY. A TOPICAL FLOAT IN THE "ROSE MONDAY" CARNIVAL PROCESSION IN COLOGNE: A HUGE SPHINX WITH THE FACE OF COLONEL NASSER. The days leading up to Lent are a time of great festivity in many parts of Germany, especially in the Rhineland. In Cologne the celebrations reach their climax with the "Rose Monday" Carnival, in which colourful floats move among the huge crowds.



WEST GERMANY. "MISTER WHAT'S COOKING?": A FLOAT IN THE MAINZ "ROSE MONDAY" PROCESSION WITH A TRIPLE-HEADED FIGURE OF MR. NEHRU. There were more than 130 floats and displays in the "Rose Monday" carnival procession in Mainz on March 4. This topical float shows the Indian Prime Minister, Mr. Nehru, looking into the "pots" of various aspects of world politics with which he has been concerned.



EGYPT. ONE OF THE LAST OBSTACLES IN THE SUEZ CANAL TO BE MOVED: THE SUCTION DREDGER LOUIS PERRIER AFLOAT AGAIN BUT STILL COVERED WITH SEAWEED. With the final withdrawal of Israeli troops from Egyptian territory, attention was again focussed on the Suez Canal. At the time of writing it was uncertain when the Canal would be clear for the passage of any but the smallest ships. Another problem was to find a method of paying Canal tolls which would be acceptable to all parties.



EGYPT. BEING LIFTED BY DUTCH SALVAGE CRANES: THE SUCTION DREDGER LOUIS PERRIER, WHICH HAD BEEN SUNK IN THE SUEZ CANAL IN NOVEMBER, AND WAS TOWED TO PORT FUAD.



## A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—II.



**PORT ELIZABETH, SOUTH AFRICA.** AFTER SOUTH AFRICA'S VICTORY IN THE FIFTH TEST MATCH ON MARCH 5: SPECTATORS CROWD ON TO THE FIELD TO INSPECT THE CONTROVERSIAL WICKET. The Test Match rubber between South Africa and England ended in a draw when South Africa won the fifth match of the series by 58 runs. England had won the first two Tests, the third was drawn and South Africa won the last two.



**SPAIN.** AT A MEMORIAL SERVICE TO KING ALFONSO XIII IN ESCORIAL: GENERAL FRANCO, FOLLOWED BY HIS GOVERNMENT, WALKING TO THE BASILICA. Alfonso XIII, who was forced to abdicate from the Spanish throne in 1931, died on February 28, 1941. The memorial service, held in Escorial on the anniversary of his death, was attended by General Franco and his new Government, representatives of the Diplomatic Corps and several members of the Spanish aristocracy.



**SINGAPORE.** AT THE UNVEILING OF THE SINGAPORE MEMORIAL ON MARCH 2: PIPERS OF THE 1ST BATTALION, THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS, MARCHING INTO POSITION.

On March 2 Sir Robert Black, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Singapore, unveiled the Singapore Memorial, which commemorates 24,346 Christians, Muslims, Hindus and Buddhists who died at the hands of the Japanese and who have no known grave. The giant granite memorial stands on a hill in the Kranji war cemetery.



AT THE FOOT OF THE SINGAPORE MEMORIAL: A BUDDHIST MONK STANDS BESIDE THE GOVERNOR AND INTONES PRAYERS AT THE UNVEILING CEREMONY.



**VIET NAM.** IMMEDIATELY AFTER AN ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE: PRESIDENT NGO DINH DIEM AT THE OPENING OF A TRADE FAIR IN BANMETH QUOT ON FEBRUARY 22. While he was opening the trade fair at Banmeth Quot, President Ngo Dinh Diem was fired at by an unidentified civilian standing in the crowd. The shot missed the President but wounded the Minister of Agrarian Reform.



**BRUSSELS.** A MODEL OF THE DESIGN FOR THE OFFICIAL BRITISH PAVILION AT THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION OF 1958, WHICH IS PLANNED IN TWO MAIN SECTIONS. THE ARCHITECTS ARE MESSRS. H. V. LOBB AND JOHN RATCLIFF. Britain has one of the biggest sites at the international exhibition which is to be held at Brussels from April to October 1958. It occupies 5 acres out of the total of 500 which will be covered by the exhibition. The British Government pavilion, which is already under construction, is planned in two main sections to contain two contrasting displays. One will show British pageantry and traditions, and the other British scientific and technological achievements.



**GHANA.** GIVEN TO DR. NKRUMAH BY PRESIDENT EISENHOWER: AN ENGRAVED CUP OF STEUBEN CRYSTAL, SHOWING THE FOUR FREEDOMS, DESIGNED BY MR. SIDNEY WAUGH. When Vice-President Nixon of the United States attended the Ghana independence celebrations he presented the Prime Minister with this gift from President Eisenhower.



# A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—III.



**NEW ZEALAND.** WITH A 304-LB. STRIPED MARLIN, WHICH HE CAUGHT ON FEBRUARY 27: THE PRIME MINISTER, MR. HOLLAND, AND ANOTHER VISITOR.



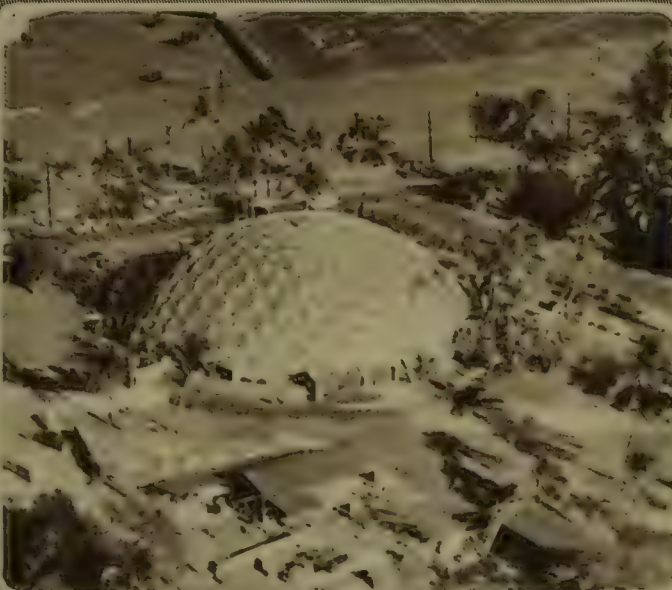
**AUSTRALIA.** A STRIKING NEW BUILDING IN SYDNEY: THE COMMONWEALTH BANK WHICH WAS OPENED LAST YEAR. One of the many striking new buildings in Sydney is the Commonwealth Bank, at an intersection of George Street, Market Street and York Street. The building has several basement floors and is built over the underground railway.



**LONDON.** A ROYAL TROPHY AT LONDON AIRPORT: THE SKIN OF A CROCODILE SHOT BY PRINCE PHILIP. On January 30 the Duke of Edinburgh travelled up the Gambia River in the Royal yacht. During this journey he shot a crocodile, the ten-foot skin of which was flown to London, and is seen here after its arrival on March 3.



**OFF FLORIDA, U.S.A.** SALVAGED FROM THE OCEAN BED: CORAL-ENCRUSTED CANNONS FROM A SPANISH VESSEL WHICH SANK IN THIS AREA SOME 200 YEARS AGO.



**HAWAII.** A NEW THEATRE LOOKING FROM THE AIR LIKE A MUSH-ROOM. THE BUILDING IS ALMOST ENTIRELY OF ALUMINIUM. A new theatre has been built in Hawaii. Claimed as unique of its kind, it is almost entirely of aluminium and over it is built a giant dome, also of aluminium.



**VIRGINIA, U.S.A.** VIRGINIA'S 350TH ANNIVERSARY: REPLICAS OF THE FIRST BRITISH SETTLERS' SHIPS. Taking part in the celebrations commemorating the 350th anniversary of Virginia are replicas of the three ships in which the first British settlers crossed from England. We show *Discovery II* and *Susan Constant II*.



**WOBURN ABBEY, BEDFORDSHIRE.** THE TWO CATS FROM THE TRANSATLANTIC RAFT *L'EGARE II* ON A MINIATURE RAFT AT THEIR NEW HOME. *Guiton* and *Puce*, the two cats who crossed the Atlantic last year on the raft *L'Egare II*, have found a new home with the Duke and Duchess of Bedford. A replica raft has been built for them and summer visitors to Woburn Abbey will be able to see them in "Pets' Corner."



**TEXAS, U.S.A.** THE TYPE OF HELICOPTER SELECTED FOR USE BY PRESIDENT EISENHOWER: A BELL 47 J IN FLIGHT. Two Bell 47 J helicopters are shortly to be delivered at the White House for President Eisenhower. The helicopters will considerably shorten many of the President's journeyings to and from Washington.



## THE BIRTH OF THE GREAT BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT.

"BADEN-POWELL AT MAFEKING." By DUNCAN GRINNELL-MILNE.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THIS year marks the centenary of Baden-Powell's birth. Others will doubtless commemorate it by histories of the immense scout movement, of which he was the founder and adored leader. Mr. Grinnell-Milne has preferred to write about the exploit which put that splendid man on the map of the world's mind. At a moment's notice he was "buzzed off" to be Commander-in-Chief of the territories on the western border of the Transvaal. There ensued one of the most exciting leaguers in history. The late General Godley, who wrote a preface to this book, says "it must not be thought that the Siege was a one-man show. B-P himself would strenuously have denied the suggestion as underrating the determination to see it through—of everyone." And, after all, General Godley was there.

The siege, begun in October 1899, ended in the following May: when relief came and the investing force retired—leaving behind a mass of litter, including a copy of the Queen's "Journal of Our Life in the Highlands"!—it had lasted 217 days. "In the course of it the enemy had fired a little over 20,000 shells upon the town and its environs [the town, be it remembered, would have counted merely as a big village in England, though the 'environs,' in which meagre crops were grown and cattle, in diminishing quantities, pastured, amounted to about forty square miles, sprinkled with Boer and British fortifications]. Allowing for the 1500 rounds fired by Creaky [the one big Boer gun, which had to be shifted to four positions all round the perimeter because of the concentrated fire to which its crew were subjected] the total weight of metal dropped by all Boer guns amounted to rather more than 150 tons; yet so efficacious had been the measures taken for the safety of the inhabitants that of the white non-combatants fewer than a dozen had been killed or injured by gunfire. Among the natives, especially the Baralongs, the losses had been far heavier, largely owing to their neglect of elementary precautions; in all they had lost 264 killed or died of wounds.

"Casualties among combatant troops, numerically small, were proportionately high. Of forty-four officers in the garrison, twenty-two—50 per cent.—were either killed or wounded; and the casualty figures of 190 N.C.O.s and men out of a total effective strength of 975 equalled nearly 20 per cent. The grand total of all combatant casualties, including those of the small 'coloured' contingents [Zulus and Fingos known affectionately as The Black Watch], as well as deaths by accident or from disease, was 326; of non-combatant casualties in the town, from all causes, 182."

I am old enough to remember the interest, all over the Empire, in that gallant defence of a little town on a railway, which had been put in charge of a young cavalry Colonel. While the Empire was lumbering along to the defence of British South Africa, "B-P" was put in charge of a vital centre

of communications. He was told to "stick it," and he did. He improvised and bluffed; he was superbly supported by a miscellaneous band of soldiers, policemen and civilian rabble, which last included Russian and Jewish adventurers. I am old enough to remember, also, that (the little 'un resisting the big 'un, in the small arena) Mafeking held out, sheerly because of Baden-Powell, through that "Black Week" which saw the disastrous defeats of Buller, Gatacre, and Methuen, when everybody in England was watching Mafeking, as though it were a Thermopylae under the limelight. Size, after all, isn't everything.

People in England were able to follow the fortunes of the beleaguered constantly, if not from day to day. Communications with the outside world were by native runner to Bulawayo. The "in" messages were not always satisfactory: Captain Hanbury Tracy (R.H.G.) received a parcel of "letters from home" which, when opened, was found to consist of a bill and a money-lender's circular. But messages were eagerly awaited all over the world. The reader who peruses Mr. Grinnell-Milne's vivid, detailed, and almost diurnal account of the constant building of earthworks, of the sorties (one of them as disastrous as it was gallant), of the home-made gun and round shot, will have a panoramic view of a drama which came out to us in dribbles, conveying an impression of endless courage

(Left.) SHORTLY BEFORE THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR: COLONEL BADEN-POWELL SEEN IN THE POPULAR PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PERIOD.

Photograph reproduced by courtesy of Elliott and Fry.



THE FORERUNNERS OF MILLIONS OF BOY SCOUTS ALL OVER THE WORLD: PART OF THE MAFEKING CADET CORPS IN DRILL ORDER WITH (RIGHT) "SERGEANT-MAJOR" GOODYEAR.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Baden-Powell at Mafeking"; by courtesy of the publisher, The Bodley Head.

and cheerful bearing of hardships. The question universally asked towards the end was "will the supplies last out?"—both of ammunition and of food. They just did, though things were pretty desperate when the daily bill-of-fare included a ghoulish porridge made of the husks of oats, and a *je ne sais quoi* derived from the scalded skins of horses who (in "B-P's" words) had been "killed to save them from death by starvation."

Relief came just in time—and to the inhabitants of the Empire, who had long perceived that this play had a noble and indefatigable hero, who had kept all his garrison going by his bravery, resource and gaiety. He knew everybody, and saw to everything, and was so vigilant that the African nickname for him was "The Wolf who never sleeps." He was not only a first-class soldier for that sort of operation (how he would have shaped at manoeuvring great masses of men in the field is beyond certainty, if not beyond conjecture),

but a superb administrator, a man who was always glad to endure what he asked others to endure, and one who could be by virtue of his talents as artist, actor and pianist, the "life and soul of the party." He staged skits, sang comic songs, and even appeared at a gymkhana as a comic ringmaster with a 30-ft. whip. All that, in the defender of a besieged great

City, would have seemed undignified and a waste of time. In that small place the impression made on a small population of various ranks and races and ages, and of both sexes, was "If he can keep his pecker up like this, so can we."

Hence the terrific cheer which went up when he was relieved and the celebrations which gave rise to the word "mafficking." I have no first-hand evidence about these alleged orgies: I was a boy and far from London. But I have my doubts about those Saturnalia. Mr. Grinnell-Milne says "They need not have worried, those worthy Victorians. Such scenes of uninhibited joy were rare. Not for another eighteen years would Londoners cut such a caper; but when they did, it would be for much the same reason. In the mad rejoicings of Mafeking Night there lay the belief that

a war was being brought to an end; in the even wilder scenes on the night of November 11, 1918, was expressed the hope that all war had been ended for ever." "The even wilder scenes" I can certainly dispute. I was on duty in Armistice Week in those parts—Pall Mall, The Mall, and Trafalgar Square, allotted to the H.Q.C.D. of the Special Constabulary whose normal job was guarding Buckingham Palace. I saw nothing of those unmentionable excesses. Some young soldiers danced, quite circumspectly, with their girls. There was a tiny bonfire, made out of I know not what, below one of Landseer's lions. A party of brawny Australians, with nymphs in attendance, tried to pull one of the captured German guns away from the file on The Mall. I asked them where they were going with it; "Highgate Hill,"

they said. Half-way up St. James's Street their patience, or their breath, ran out. They vanished, and I, my duty done as far as I could do it, returned to my beat, with my conscience unruffled and my truncheon unused. To me it was all like a jolly Sunday-School Treat.

However, the legend of the orgies will probably go on, but what nobody can deny is that within Mafeking was born a world-wide movement, human and humane—namely, the Boy Scouts. "B-P" in India had sought to relieve the monotony of his young troopers' lives by teaching them Scouting. In Mafeking his subordinate, Lord Edward Cecil (son of the Prime Minister of the day), organised a thoroughly efficient Cadet Corps of the boys present. The ideas coagulated, and now the Scouts cover the world.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 441 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. DUNCAN GRINNELL-MILNE.

Mr. Duncan Grinnell-Milne, who was born in 1896, was educated at Cheam and at Osborne and Dartmouth. He served with the Royal Flying Corps in World War I and was later a Test Pilot from 1923-26. He rejoined the R.A.F. in 1939, but retired on account of ill-health in September 1941. His books include: "Escaper's Log"; "Wind in the Wires"; "Ashby's Downfall" and "Brierley." He is at present engaged on a book dealing with naval operations in 1939-40.

\* "Baden-Powell at Mafeking." By Duncan Grinnell-Milne. With a Foreword by General Sir A. Godley, G.C.B., K.C.M.G. Illustrations and Maps. (Bodley Head; 25s.)



# A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—IV.



PANAMA CITY. THE MEMORIAL TO PRESIDENT REMON, WHO WAS MURDERED TWO YEARS AGO: THE 60-FT. COLUMN, REFLECTED IN A POOL.



PANAMA CITY. JUSTICE, THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN THE MODERNISTIC PANEL BY JOAQUIN ROCA REY (see below), WHICH IS PART OF THE REMON MEMORIAL.



PANAMA CITY. THE PORTRAIT RELIEF OF THE LATE PRESIDENT OF PANAMA, COLONEL JOSE ANTONIO REMON.

On Jan. 2, 1955, the great and popular President of Panama, Colonel José Antonio Remón, was murdered, and a former President, Ramon Guizado, was found guilty of complicity and was sentenced to nearly seven years' imprisonment. On the second anniversary of the assassination this year, a Remón Memorial Park, which cost 200,000 dollars, was opened in Panama City near the new Legislative Palace and overlooking the Canal Zone. The most outstanding features of this park are: a column bearing a relief portrait of the late President overlooking an ornamental pool; and a frieze of symbolical figures illustrating a favourite phrase of President Remón's. Both column and frieze are the work of the Peruvian sculptor Joaquin Roca Rey. The anniversary of the President's assassination is to be kept as a perpetual day of national mourning and a public holiday.

(Right.) PANAMA CITY. A SYMBOLICAL FRIEZE EMBODYING THE LATE PRESIDENT'S SAYING "WE SEEK NEITHER MILLIONS NOR CHARITY, BUT JUSTICE." UNVEILED ON JANUARY 2, 1957.



IRELAND. A BAND OF GIRL PIPERS LEADING A SINN FEIN PARTY DEMONSTRATION IN DUBLIN DURING THE ELECTION IN WHICH SINN FEIN WON FOUR SEATS.

The results of the Irish General Election were complete by March 7 and it was apparent that Mr. De Valera's party, Fianna Fail, had gained an absolute majority with seventy-eight seats. All other parties lost ground, except Sinn Fein, which gained four seats (but will not take them), and Independents.



DELHI, INDIA. NOT MEMBERS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN, BUT HOODED WOMEN ELECTORS AT A POLLING STATION DURING INDIA'S SECOND GENERAL ELECTION.

Voting for five members of Parliament in India's second General Election took place in Delhi on Sunday, March 3. There was a poor response from the electorate, only 45 per cent. recording their votes. At some polling stations only 15 per cent. voted. In general, the trend continued to favour the Congress Party.





THE RESTORATION OF ST. CLEMENT DANES : THE STEEL "CORSET" BEING PLACED ON THE R.A.F. CHURCH.

Since the launching of the St. Clement Danes Church Royal Air Force Appeal in January 1956, considerable progress has been made in rebuilding this famous church in the Strand, which was gutted by a German oil bomb in May 1941. Some six weeks ago, on January 24, the bells—renowned for their ringing of "Oranges and Lemons"—were dedicated, and are now hanging again in James Gibbs' magnificent steeple. Since then the many thousands of Londoners who pass the church have been delighted to see the roof construction beginning to take shape. The intricate network of the

steel "corset"—made all the more striking by its vivid orange paint—is seen in the course of being erected in this recent drawing. The "corset" will carry both the roof—to be covered with lead, as was its predecessor—and the moulded fibrous plaster of the white and gold ceiling, which will be attached to it by light steel bracketing. Because of the irregular curves in the apse section of the church, the steelwork for the east end was set up in the Bolton works of the steel contractors, John Booth and Sons. It is hoped that St. Clement Danes will be ready for the reopening ceremony by September 1958.

*Reproduced from the pen-and-wash drawing by Francis R. Flint, A.R.W.S., R.O.I., S.M.A.*



# AFTER ISRAEL'S EVACUATION FROM GAZA: THE PROBLEM OF THE ARAB REFUGEES.



UNITED NATIONS RELIEF AND WORKS AGENCY SUPPLIES FOR ARAB REFUGEES IN THE GAZA STRIP: BARS OF SOAP DRYING IN THE SUN NEAR GAZA.



FEEDING THE ARAB REFUGEES OF THE GAZA STRIP WHOSE RESETTLEMENT HAS BEEN PREVENTED BY EGYPT SINCE 1948: SCHOOLCHILDREN RECEIVING FREE MILK.



DURING THE ISRAELI OCCUPATION OF THE GAZA STRIP: ARAB REFUGEES COLLECTING RATIONS SUPPLIED FREE BY THE ISRAELI GOVERNMENT.

THE armistice agreement of 1949, while adding certain areas to Israel, rendered numbers of Arab refugees homeless, and some 214,000 of these have for the past eight years been penned up in camps in the Gaza Strip. The Gaza Strip was, until the recent Israeli invasion, under Egyptian administration, but the Arab refugees were being fed and educated at great expense by the United Nations Relief and Works Agency. Egypt has in the past steadily refused to permit the dispersal and resettlement of the refugees, and numerous border raids against Israel, carried out by Fedayeen, have been launched from the Gaza Strip. By March 7 the last Israeli forces left the area and the administration was taken over by the United Nations Emergency Force. The problem of the future of the Arab refugees remains unsettled, and in the meantime the United Nations has the task of feeding them and of their administration. Since the Israeli withdrawal there has already been a revival of Arab attacks, and Israel border patrols have been doubled.



THE "CAPITAL" OF THE GAZA STRIP: THE TOWN OF GAZA, WHERE ISRAELI TROOPS FOUND VALUABLE RECORDS OF THE FEDAYEEN, THE ARAB BORDER TERRORISTS.



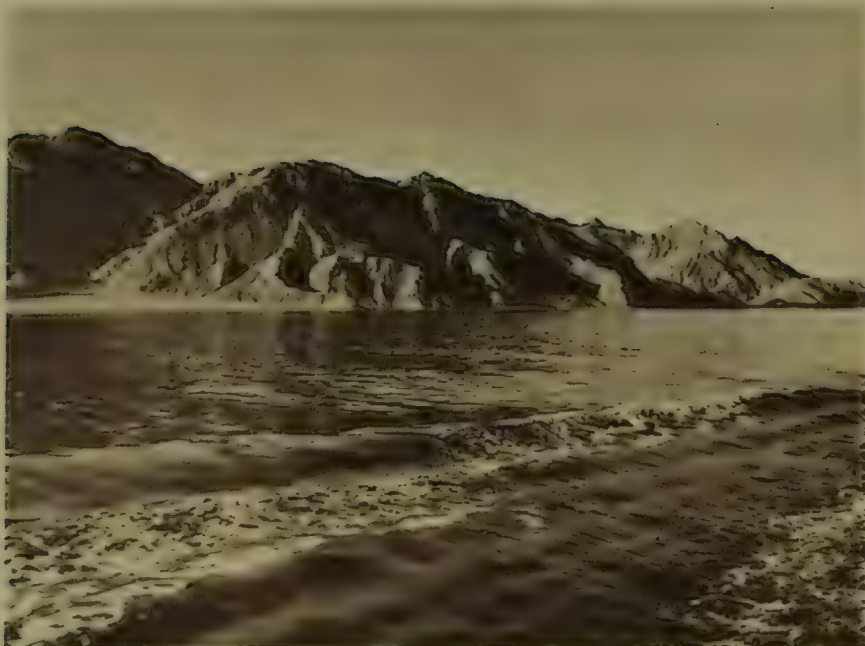
A PROBLEM UNSOLVED SINCE 1948: THE 214,000 ARAB REFUGEES, SOME OF WHOM ARE SEEN HERE IN A TYPICAL GAZA STRIP CAMP.



AN IMPORTANT LOCAL INDUSTRY IS THE MANUFACTURE OF EARTHENWARE: A WOMAN SELLING POTTERY IN A GAZA STREET.



## AKABA; AND SHARM EL SHEIKH, NOW HANDED OVER BY ISRAELI TROOPS.



THE STRAITS OF EILAT, THE POINT IN THE GULF OF AKABA WHERE THE WATERS NARROW TO A HEAD, AND WHERE THE SHORELINES OF EGYPT, ISRAEL, JORDAN AND ARABIA ARE IN CLOSE PROXIMITY.



SILENCED BY THE ISRAELI INVASION OF SINAI: ONE OF THE EGYPTIAN GUNS MOUNTED IN THE SHARM EL SHEIKH TO PREVENT ISRAELI SHIPPING ENTERING THE GULF. BACKGROUND, THE ISLAND OF TIRAN.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE ISLAND OF TIRAN, WHICH LIES IN THE STRAITS OF TIRAN AT THE MOUTH OF THE GULF OF AKABA, SHOWING EGYPTIAN FORTIFICATIONS DESIGNED TO CONTROL SHIPPING IN THE GULF.



A CARGO SHIP—THE FIRST TO ENTER THE GULF OF AKABA AFTER THE SINAI CAMPAIGN—TIED UP AT THE ISRAELI PORT OF EILAT.

On March 5 Mr. Ben-Gurion announced in the Knesset his reasons for withdrawing from the Gaza Strip and from the Sharm el Sheikh (on the west coast of the Gulf of Akaba); and (as reported elsewhere in this issue) Israel forces began withdrawing from Gaza on the evening of March 6. It was announced that the administration of Sharm el Sheikh would be transferred to United Nations troops on March 8. Sharm el Sheikh is the land lying opposite to the island of Tiran, in the Straits of Tiran at the mouth of the Gulf of Akaba;



THE ISRAELI FRIGATE *MIVTAKH*, BERTHED AT THE GULF OF AKABA PORT OF EILAT. THIS IS THE SECOND FRIGATE TO SAIL ROUND THE CAPE TO EILAT.

and both the island and Sharm el Sheikh had been fortified by the Egyptians to prevent shipping reaching the Israeli port of Eilat, just beside the Jordanian port of Akaba. This port of Eilat is of vital importance to Israel since it gives her a trading outlet to the East and enables her to import oil from the Gulf of Persia independently of whatever may happen to the Suez Canal. A pipeline is being built to connect Eilat and Beersheba; and Eilat itself is a rapidly growing port and town.





WALKING BETWEEN THE ASSEMBLED BOYS: THE QUEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY THE HEADMASTER, AND THE DUKE ENTERING THE SCHOOL ON MARCH 5.



A HARROVIAN CUSTOM WATCHED BY THE ROYAL VISITORS: SOME OF THE BOYS GOING THROUGH "BILL," WHICH WAS CALLED BY THE SECOND MASTER.

#### THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE AT HARROW: "A VERY GREAT DAY IN THE HISTORY OF THE SCHOOL."

The Royal visit to Harrow School, described by the Headmaster, Mr. R. L. James, as "one of the few very great days in the history of the school," enabled the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to see many aspects of the life and character of this famous school on "The Hill." They watched the sixth-form game of Harrow's own brand of football, and visited "Ducker" (the school swimming-pool), the Vaughan library, the chapel,

and the school farm. In the School Yard the Queen and the Duke stood on the steps and watched some 400 boys going through "Bill"—the ceremonial call-over of all but the senior boys in the school—which was called by the Second Master, Mr. R. M. Baldwin. A photograph of the scene in the Speech Room, where a special programme of school songs was heard by the Royal visitors, is shown overleaf.





**"QUEEN ELIZABETH HERE TO-DAY": HER MAJESTY LISTENING TO ONE OF THE FAMOUS SCHOOL SONGS IN THE SPEECH ROOM DURING HER VISIT TO HARROW SCHOOL ON MARCH 5.**

Harrow School is famed for its notable collection of school songs, which have played an important part in the life of the school. A half-hour programme of some of these songs was given in the Speech Room when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh spent 3½ hours at the school during the afternoon of March 5. Included in the programme was "Queen Elizabeth Sat One Day," which tells in a light-hearted way the story of the granting of Harrow's Charter by Queen Elizabeth I to John Lyon in 1572. It has a chorus ending with the

words: "the bold sea rover." A special verse, written by one of the house-masters, Mr. E. M. de M. Malan, and greatly enjoyed by the Queen and the Duke, was added to the song. It ran:—

Queen Elizabeth here to-day  
Watches us still at our work and play.  
Though now we farm in the modern way  
On our meadows of grass and clover,

So may it please your Majesty  
Keep us our Charter firm and free  
For this is Harrow and here are we  
And there is the bold sea rover.

At the conclusion of the songs the Headmaster, Dr. R. L. James, announced that it was the Royal wish that four extra days should be added to the Easter holidays—an announcement that was received with hearty cheers from the boys. The special verse quoted here refers to the 155-acre School Farm which was visited by the Queen and Prince Philip. This is an unusual feature of the school, providing an opportunity for all boys to learn something about the care of animals and the cultivation and management of land, and special

facilities for boys who wish to take up farming or estate management as a career. The Royal visitors watched boys milking the Shorthorn dairy herd and bottling the milk, which is used by the school. The school lands on and around "The Hill" extend to over 300 acres, including the farm. There are some 600 boys in the school, most of whom are boarders, and who are divided into eleven houses. Each house has its own dining-hall, and in all houses boys have their own bed-sitting rooms.

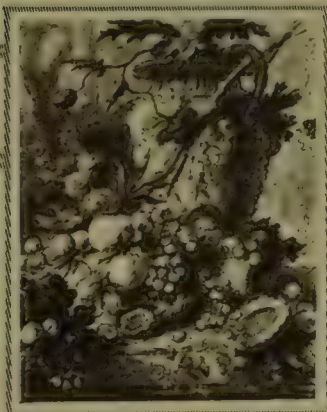




# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

## SPRING IN THE ALPINE HOUSE.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.



OUT in the garden and indoors on the calendar it is still—at the time that I write this—winter. There are still five days to go before the official arrival of spring, though many of the flowers revelling in the warm, sunny days that crop up from time to time appear to be fully convinced that it is spring. But then the calendar, like the law, is so often “a ass.” Neither birds nor beasts, fishes nor flowers, take the slightest notice of what the calendar says—and sometimes suffer accordingly. I remember once gathering a dish of mushrooms in meadows in Hertfordshire on Christmas Day. That was a very definite jolt for the calendar. And then there is the cynical old joke about summer having set in with its usual severity.

In the Alpine house the seasons are much more stable. There, spring begins early in January with the Kabschia or cushion saxifrages beginning to erupt with a heavy rash of swelling flower-buds, and the ever-faithful *Saxifraga kellererii* always with me pushing up its 3-in. velvet-red stems to be the first of all the family to flower. Each stem carries three pink blossoms, and these, with the starry, heavily-silvered leaf rosettes, are most attractive—for the time of year. Perhaps in April or May competition would cause *kellererii* to take a slightly humbler rôle. The plant is a hybrid, setting no seeds, and so its flowers retain their freshness and charm for an astonishingly long time. Longer, in fact, than any other saxifrage of my acquaintance.

As far as I am concerned, the Alpine house is essentially a place where the early-flowering Alpine plants—and a few not so Alpine—may blossom in unblemished perfection, unharassed, unbludgeoned by our climate of uncertain temper and frequent brutal moments. It is a place, too, in which to enjoy these small, exquisite, hard-bitten mountain flowers, and share their immunity from whatever beastliness may be going on outside.

Most of these early-flowering Alpines may be grown quite successfully if given congenial conditions on the outdoor rock garden, and especially on sink and stone trough rock gardens. Many of the loveliest of the Kabschia saxifrages are growing here on such trough gardens, and they flower regularly each spring with astonishing hardihood, and the way these delicate-looking blossoms stand up to sleet, snow, frost and bitter winds is an annual miracle. On the worst days, I pass them and perhaps even stop to examine and admire, but always with a slight feeling of sympathy and even guilt at having condemned them to such martyrdom. And then I go to the Alpine house and see the same plants enjoying what to them is real comfort, and I can linger and potter and perchance do a little widgeoning and weeding in what to me is relative comfort.

Just at the present time the Alpine house is rapidly putting on a show of colour. Pans of *Saxifraga burseriana* “Gloria” are just past their best, but a day or two ago they were truly glorious, their grey, spiny cushions thick with 2-in. red stems, each carrying a great solitary snow-white blossom an inch or more across. The name of this lovely plant reminds me of a shameful happening that befell me long years ago.

I was lunching at a strange house in the capacity of garden consultant.



A PERFECTLY HARDY PLANT FROM THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS: *RANUNCULUS CALANDRINOIDES*.

“The long, tapered leaves are smooth, leathery and glaucous-grey, with their margins curiously and attractively waved. The flowers . . . are like great white buttercups, two and sometimes three inches across. (Photograph by D. F. Merrett.)



*PRIMULA GRACILIPES*—A CLOSE RELATION OF *P. BHUTANICA*—AT WINDSOR.

*P. bhutanica* makes “lovely flat rosettes of grey-green leaves, heavily dusted with silvery-white meal and . . . a constellation of short-stemmed primroses of a subtle blue-lilac colour.” *P. gracilipes* is similar, but with pale-pink flowers.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

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Strange in every sense of the word. As we settled at table my host made the surprising request—“would I ask a blessing?”

Before I could think up an excuse the Devil entered into me. With fitting gravity I intoned the rich words “*Saxifraga Burseriana Gloria*.” Then for a moment I felt awful. But all was well, and all were greatly impressed. It was a huge success.

The loveliest of all the yellow Kabschia saxifrages, *S. “Faldonside,”* has opened its superb citron-yellow blooms almost stemlessly. Later they will develop inch-high stems and in some cases a second flower. A fine specimen of “Faldonside” is fast coming into flower on my outdoor trough garden, which is built in a huge stone Saxon coffin. The plant is wedged between a couple of half-submerged tufa rocks. A single pan of the much rarer *Saxifraga boydii* is coming into flower a little later than “Faldonside.” These two are brothers, seedlings from the same cross and the same seed capsule. *Boydii* is dwarfer, slower growing, and with flowers of a deeper gold. But of the two “Faldonside” is the more beautiful.

*Saxifraga “Queen Mother”* has large shell-pink blossoms, of perfect form and quality. It is, in my opinion, by far the most beautiful of all the pink Kabschias, and goes far in living up to its name—and that to me means a very great deal.

There are several pot specimens of *Primula bhutanica* in full flower, lovely flat rosettes of grey-green leaves, heavily dusted with silvery-white meal, and, springing up among them, a constellation of blossoms like short-stemmed primroses of a subtle blue-lilac colour. Cool and most beautiful. *Primula bhutanica* has much of the general appearance and the beauty of what we all knew and admired as *Primula winterii*—but which now goes about under some alias which I have yet to memorise.

A most striking plant in flower just now in the Alpine house is *Ranunculus calandrinoides*. The plant comes from the Atlas Mountains and is perfectly hardy and quite easy to grow. Sunny scree has been recommended for it, and doubtless that advice is founded upon experience. But personally if I were planting it out in the open garden I would plump for good rich loam.

Up to the present, however, I have only grown it in pots—which it soon fills with a mass of thong-like roots which are typical of so many of the *Ranunculus*. The long, tapered leaves are smooth, leathery and glaucous-grey, with their margins curiously and attractively waved. The flowers, carried upon slightly-branched erect 6-in. stems, are like great white buttercups, two and sometimes three inches across. The buds are pink, and the backs of the petals of the open flowers are often tinged with pink. But the flowers are very variable. On some plants the petals are narrow, even in the flowers with the widest spread. In others they are reasonably wide, so as to form an almost unbroken cup. Some flowers are much larger than others, and some much pinker. I would dearly like to visit the Atlas Mountains, and see this grand buttercup in flower, and collect a dozen or so good forms from among which to breed a race of plants with fine wide petals forming generous perfect cups, for preference of a full and decided rose-pink.



# AT OLYMPIA: ROYAL VISITORS TO THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION.



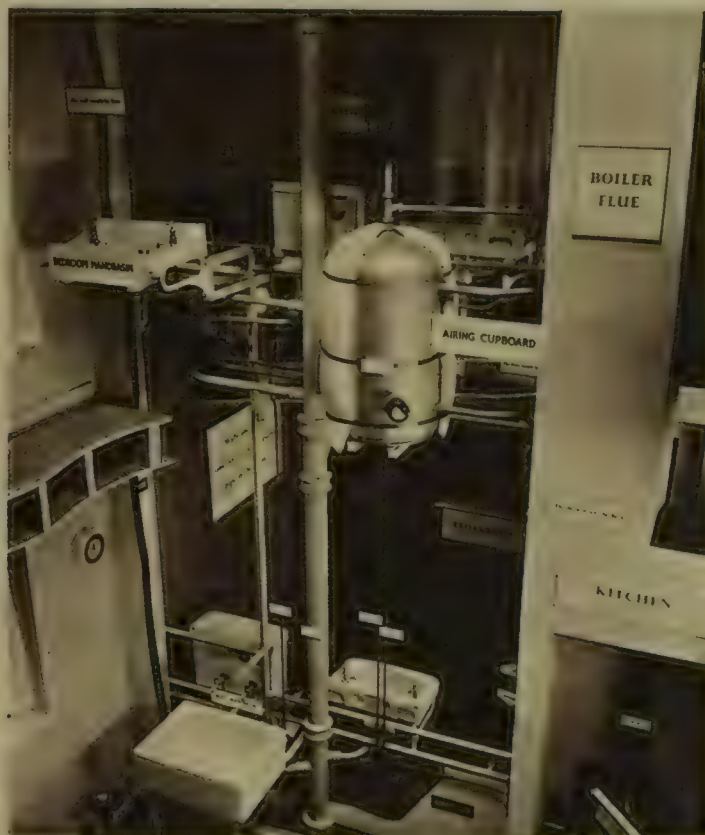
WATCHING A NEW POTATO DECORATOR BEING DEMONSTRATED: PRINCESS MARGARET ENJOYING HER TOUR OF THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION.



DURING THE QUEEN'S TOUR OF OLYMPIA ON MARCH 4: HER MAJESTY PAUSING TO WATCH A MAN DEMONSTRATING THE SPEED AND EFFICIENCY OF AN ELECTRIC RAZOR BY SHAVING IN BED.



IN THE "WOMAN'S HOUR" BERG HOUSE: A SLIDING PLASTIC PARTITION WHICH CAN BE USED TO SEPARATE THE SITTING-ROOM FROM THE DINING-ROOM.



IN THE FROST-PROOF HOUSE PRESENTED BY THE MINISTRY OF HOUSING AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT: A VIEW OF THE CENTRAL PLUMBING SYSTEM AS SEEN FROM A SPECIAL PLATFORM.



BRINGING THE TOP SHELF WITHIN EASY REACH: A NEW REACH WALL CABINET WITH SHELVES WHICH PULL OUT AND DOWN TO BELOW EYE LEVEL.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh had a preview of the 1957 *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia on March 4. Both the Royal visitors displayed much interest in all they saw, as did Princess Margaret when she toured the Exhibition two days later. The Queen and the Duke went into some of the houses in the Village of Progress which includes the "Woman's Hour House," constructed by E. and L. Berg, and furnished by Miss Jeanne Heal according to the preferences expressed by listeners to her radio



PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY BY SIR ERIC HARRISON (STANDING BETWEEN THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE): A GIANT ICED "AUSTRALIA" CAKE.

programmes entitled "Castle in the Air." The Ministry of Housing are showing a "Frost-proof" house and have so constructed it as to show the plumbing system and other features designed to obviate frozen pipes during very cold weather. During the Royal tour Sir Eric Harrison, High Commissioner for Australia, presented the Queen with a giant iced cake, weighing 140 lb., in the shape of the Australian continent. Other photographs of the Ideal Home Exhibition appear overleaf.



## AT THE 1957 IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION: HOUSES IN THE VILLAGE



IN THE ELIZABETHAN GARDENS OF MUSIC: THE JACQUES AMAND GARDEN WITH ITS WIDE RANGE OF BULBS, PLANTS AND TREES.



DESIGNED FOR THE FAMILY, THE CROUCH "CONVERTIBLE" HOUSE IN WHICH GROUND FLOOR ROOMS CAN BE COMBINED FOR GREATER SPACE OR SEPARATED TO MAKE SMALLER UNITS BY MEANS OF SPECIAL DOORS.



SHOWING HOW EVEN A CITY-DWELLER COULD TRANSFORM A COURTYARD: THE HAND-CK INDUSTRIES GARDEN WITH ITS WROUGHT-IRON DECORATIONS.



THE LARGEST HOUSING DEVELOPMENT EVER DISPLAYED AT AN IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION: "UNITY" ONE- AND TWO-BEDROOM THREE-STOREY FLATS. THE FURNISHED FLAT ON VIEW TO THE PUBLIC HAS ACCOMMODATION FOR FOUR.



CENTRE-PIECE OF THIS YEAR'S GARDENS OF MUSIC: THE ELIZABETHAN GARDEN IN WHICH AUTHENTIC ELIZABETHAN MUSIC IS PLAYED BY AN ENSEMBLE AND QUINTET.



LINKING CONTEMPORARY AND TRADITIONAL DESIGN: THE BERG "WINCHESTER HOUSE." THE INTERIOR LAYOUT IS DESCRIBED AS "ENTIRELY CONTEMPORARY," AND THE FURNISHINGS ARE MODERN.

The *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition opened at Olympia, London, on March 5 and is to continue until March 30, being open daily, except Sundays, from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m. On the afternoon of March 4, the day before it was opened to the public, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh spent nearly two hours touring much of the Exhibition, which covers 14½ acres. One of the highlights this year is the Pavilion of Gold, where 200 gold ingots, worth £1,000,000, are displayed above great heaps of the ore from which they were originally extracted. This year the décor of the Grand Hall, designed by Mr. James Gardner, is very different from previous years. Mr. Gardner has transformed

the Hall into a colossal market place in which spired and pinnacled stands surround a stately fountain. Beyond the Pavilion of Gold are the Elizabethan Gardens of Music, all designed and planted by well-known gardeners and nurserymen. As always, houses themselves are the outstanding exhibits and there are six to be seen in The Village of Progress as well as a three-storey block of flats and four shops. One of the houses, called the Canada Trend House, demonstrates that timber frame construction can introduce a new standard of comfort in all types of housing. This "open plan" three-bedroom house provides generous storage space, built-in fittings, warm

## OF PROGRESS; AND THE ELIZABETHAN GARDENS OF MUSIC.



IN THE *DAILY MAIL* HOUSE: THE OPEN-PLAN LIVING AREA FROM WHICH THE DINING-ROOM SECTION CAN BE SEPARATED BY DIVIDING CURTAINS.



ADMIRING THE MOORLAND SCENE: MEMBERS OF THE ELIZABETHAN ORCHESTRA IN THE WHITELEGG GARDEN WHICH FEATURES A PLUNGING WATERFALL.



INSIDE THE CANADA TREND HOUSE: A VIEW OF THE SITTING-ROOM. THIS TWO-STOREY, THREE-BEDROOM HOUSE COSTS BETWEEN £3000 AND £4000.



FEATURING SOME FINE BOX, YEW AND BAY TREES—SOME MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS OLD: THE KEW TOPIARY NURSERIES' GARDEN.



FEATURING A HANGING CHIMNEY OVER A CENTRAL FIRE: THE MARY FOX LINTON ROOM EXHIBITED BY A BIG LONDON STORE IN THE GRAND HALL.

air central heating, a car port and a built-in tool shed. It can be built in any part of the British Isles. The present trend for houses with the maximum of comfortable living space can be seen at Olympia, where many of the houses have an "open plan" living area on the ground floor which can be divided up into smaller units when required. Nothing is missing from this great exhibition, where the products of some 600 firms are displayed, from the burglar-proof lock ready to act guardian to the Ideal Home, to the displays of cooking, fashion and beauty which show every woman the way to become the Ideal Housewife. In the large International Section one of the biggest



BY A LOVELY LAKE IN LONDON: THREE GIRLS (AND A BOAT) SEEN AMID THE ELIZABETHAN GARDENS OF MUSIC AT OLYMPIA.

displays is that of the Commonwealth of Australia and here visitors are enjoying the Boomerang Bar where they can get ice-cold tomato and pineapple juice drinks. Other attractions, and not such chilly ones, are the fifty attractive Australian girls who are staffing the counters. From the youngest and latest member of the Commonwealth, Ghana, an interesting display shows phases in the production and shipment of cocoa, an industry important not only to Ghana but to the rest of the world. It can truly be said that at Olympia there is something to interest everybody—men, women and children—and a great deal to tantalise most of us who only dream of Ideal Homes.





AS far as I am concerned, the Duke of Wellington, great captain though he was, and in spite of the late Philip Guedalla's lively biography, has always remained a remote and decidedly cold-blooded personality. Nor, since his great mansion at Hyde Park Corner has been open to the public and administered by the Victoria and Albert Museum, have I been able to arrive at a

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

### THE APSLEY HOUSE PAINTINGS.

as a whole gives the visitor of to-day a very complete idea of the cultivated taste of the time. There are, for example—to mention little masters first—several small landscapes by Velvet Brueghel, delightful little pictures which, only a quarter of a century ago, would have slipped through an auction for under £50 and now make anything up to £2000. There is a whole set by David Teniers the Younger, as good as any in the great museums of Europe. There is a quiet Backhuysen, signed and dated 1685, "A Man of Rank Embarking at Amsterdam"; two first-class landscapes by Philip Wouwerman, in those days considered as not the least among Dutch seventeenth-century painters

and now once more in high favour after half a century in the doldrums; two excellent townscapes by the sensitive Jan van der Heyden; and numerous examples by such lesser fry as Lingelbach, Egdon van der Neer, Karel du Jardin, and the Romanising Dutchman, Van Poelenburgh.

Fig. 2 is by Abraham van Calraet, one of the followers of Cuyp, whose unpretentious and wholly charming paintings—he was specially fond of this grey horse—used to be attributed to the great man himself. They are very much in his style and are often signed A.C.—and what better explanation of A.C. than Albert Cuyp? Consequently, many an unsigned Calraet was "improved" by the addition of this monogram and thereby rendered more saleable until collectors became wiser. Fig. 3 is a wholly delightful work by Vernet, who can on occasion be rather pedestrian (though not very often). He is, to my mind, a fine painter still under-estimated by most people, and in this particular example he has done marvels with the contrast between the delicate drawing of the rugged promontory in the background, the sparkling little group of figures and the warm, pearly tone of the water.

As to the indubitably great paintings, there is, to begin with, the splendid equestrian portrait by Goya—a magnificent conception in which the Duke looks, somewhat to his surprise, every inch a Spaniard. There is a fine portrait by Murillo—I wish he had painted more male portraits and fewer sentimental Assumptions!—a famous Correggio, which tradition says was the Duke's favourite painting, two early Velasquez—"The Water-seller of Seville" and "Two Young Men Eating at a Humble Table," a later portrait of a man and a portrait of Pope Innocent X, a variant of the great portrait in Rome (one of the world's



FIG. 1. "A GROUP OF WORKPEOPLE BEFORE A LIME KILN," BY DAVID TENIERS THE YOUNGER (1610-90): ONE OF THE PAINTINGS FROM THE WELLINGTON MUSEUM, APSLEY HOUSE, WHICH FRANK DAVIS DISCUSSES IN HIS ARTICLE. (Oil on canvas; 22½ by 33½ ins.)

more sympathetic understanding of his character. He remains aloof—as aloof as Shakespeare's Julius Caesar—and his London house seems to me a mausoleum rather than a dwelling-place. This sounds decidedly obtuse, for there's no denying that during his lifetime, whether as soldier or statesman, he occupied a unique place in the imagination of his countrymen. But I don't know that I am altogether blameworthy.

The mansion itself is grandiose and oddly impersonal rather than agreeable and its contents have an official air which is disconcerting—that monstrous great service of Berlin porcelain, for example, the Waterloo shield, the full-length portraits of reigning monarchs, including a kilted George IV looking for all the world like a whisky advertisement, and the painfully elaborate Portuguese silver-gilt centre-piece, 26 ft. in length, on the table in the Waterloo Gallery; that is, the great room, 90 ft. long, added to the original Adam House in 1828-29 in which the annual Waterloo reunion dinners were held from 1830 to 1852. Altogether, too many glass cases, too much pomp and ceremony, not a chair, not a writing table, nothing, to my mind, which enables me to see him as he was—for even the most disdainful and unapproachable of men have their moments of relaxation when they become something less remote than symbols. But, when all this has been said, and allowing for what appear to be my own incurable prejudices, there is one aspect of this strangely lukewarm habitation which is sheer delight: the paintings.

They include a few masterpieces, and numerous works by excellent little masters as well as some undistinguished school pictures. A few were presents, some were the spoils of war, others were acquired by the Duke himself and the collection

Before saying anything about greater glories, I venture to present three pictures herewith which seem to me to be fair samples of the quality of the less important part of the collection. First, one of the landscapes by David Teniers the Younger, "A Group of Workpeople Before a Lime Kiln" (Fig. 1). Characteristic impeccable drawing and smooth, liquid brush-strokes and—to me, at any rate—unusually interesting because it shows an important rustic industry—men at work and



FIG. 2. "CAVALIER WITH A GREY HORSE," BY ABRAHAM VAN CALRAET (1642-1722), WHO WAS A FOLLOWER OF CUIP. THE WELLINGTON MUSEUM IS OPEN ON WEEKDAYS FROM 10 A.M. TO 6 P.M. AND ON SUNDAYS FROM 2.30 TO 6 P.M. (Oil on canvas; 12½ by 15½ ins.)



FIG. 3. "VIEW OVER A BAY WITH FIGURES": A "WHOLLY DELIGHTFUL WORK" BY CLAUDE VERNET (1714-89), PAINTED IN 1742. THIS IS AMONG THE PAINTINGS WHICH CAME INTO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S POSSESSION AFTER THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA IN 1813. (Oil on canvas; 22½ by 41½ ins.) (These paintings are reproduced by courtesy of the Wellington Museum.)

not just sitting about outside a pub. Those readers who have experience of day-to-day factory working in the modern world will be tempted to see in the vivid little group in the centre a meeting between the boss and the men's representatives to argue about piece rates.

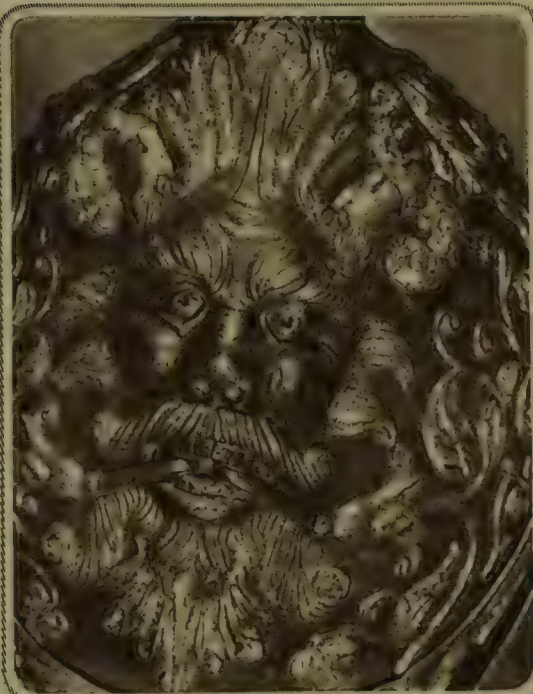
wonders) which is catalogued cautiously as "ascribed to Velasquez," but which many of us feel is so fine that it must surely be from his hand. Then there are two notable Jan Steens, two by Nicolas Maes, and a wonderful Brouwer. A great number of the paintings came into the Duke's possession in 1813 after the Battle of Vittoria. Joseph Bonaparte, Napoleon's brother, was escaping in a closed carriage and was compelled to abandon the vehicle. The carriage was found to contain more than 165 paintings, cut from their frames, which had been in the Spanish Royal collection. The following year the Duke informed the King of Spain of his intention to return the pictures. The King replied that he wished the Duke to keep them. "His Majesty, touched by your delicacy, does not wish to deprive you of that which has come into your possession by means as just as they are honourable." The Vernet and the Teniers illustrated here are two of those which reached London in this extraordinary manner.



## ON LOAN AT THE TOWER: HENRI II's PARADE ARMOUR.

THIS magnificent armour has been lent by Lord Astor of Hever for exhibition in the Armouries of the Tower of London. That the armour was made for Henri II, King of France (1547-59), is confirmed by a portrait by Clouet of the

[Continued below.]



"A FEATURE OF THE EMBOSSED DECORATION": THE BOLD BEARDED MASK ON THE BROW OF THE HELMET.

[Continued.]

of the Armouries, writes: "This is a parade armour, richly embossed, etched and gilt, exhibiting, as armour could do so well, the full splendour of the Renaissance. The style of work suggests the hand, or, at any rate, the influence, of the Milanese master, Paolo de Negroli, and can be compared to a similar breastplate, signed by him, in the Metropolitan Museum, New York. It has, however, certain French characteristics, notably in the profile of the helmet and the fact that it has long tassels to the knee, a fashion first popularised in France, which suggests that it may have been made for the King by an Italian working in France. A feature of the embossed decoration of the armour is the large, bold, bearded masks on the helmet, pauldrons, elbows and knees, but especially on the elbows. They remind one of those on the armour of Charles V, made by

[Continued below.]

[Continued.]

shows, if nothing else does, that this is not a fighting suit, but intended for pageant purposes only. It must have looked splendid with its full panoply of plumes and caparisons when it took its place in those pageants and processions in which the courts of the sixteenth century delighted. In the nineteenth century this armour belonged to a Comte Colbert, and it has been stated, but on what authority is unknown, that it had formerly

[Continued below.]

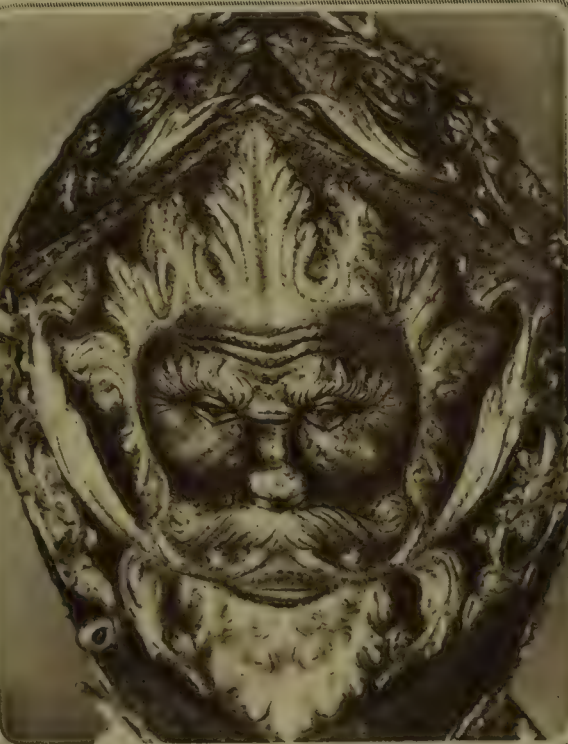


LENT BY LORD ASTOR OF HEVER FOR EXHIBITION IN THE TOWER OF LONDON: A PARADE ARMOUR MADE FOR HENRI II, KING OF FRANCE.

[Continued.]

King wearing it on horseback. Two versions of this portrait exist, one in the Museum at Chantilly, and the other in the collection of Lord Bearsted, now the property of the National Trust. In describing the armour Sir James Mann, Master

[Continued above, centre.]



ON THE VISOR OF THE HELMET: ANOTHER OF THE STRIKING EMBOSSED MASKS ON THIS SIXTEENTH-CENTURY ARMOUR.

[Continued.]

Negroli for that Emperor in 1539 and now at Madrid. At the Louvre there is a casque—very similar, even in small details—which probably forms part of the same garniture as Lord Astor's armour. It was customary at that time to provide an open helmet, as well as a closed one, for alternative use. It is interesting also that, as with some other armours of this time, the armour appears to have had certain alterations made for the convenience of the wearer. The back-plate has been enlarged at the sides in order to make room for increasing girth, an easement which one also finds on the armour of Henry VIII at Windsor Castle. Another alteration appears to have been made to the neck of the breastplate, for the etched decoration has been cut short, decapitating the central figure of the design. In places the hammering out of the protuberances of the embossing has made the metal so thin that in the course of time it has worn into small holes. This

[Continued above, right.]

SHOWING THE LONG TASSETS TO THE KNEE WHICH ARE ONE OF THE FRENCH CHARACTERISTICS: A FRONT VIEW OF THE ARMOUR.

[Continued.]

belonged to J. B. Colbert, the famous Minister of Finance of Louis XIV. Lord Astor's armour is particularly welcome, as this kind of parade armour is not strongly represented in the National Armoury at the Tower."

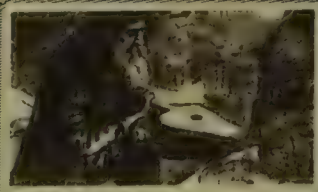


THE BACK OF THE ARMOUR. THE BACK-PLATE HAS BEEN ENLARGED TO MAKE ROOM FOR INCREASING GIRTH.



THE LEFT SIDE OF THIS MAGNIFICENT ARMOUR WHICH EXHIBITS "THE FULL SPLENDOUR OF THE RENAISSANCE."





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### EARS, VENTILATION AND INTELLIGENCE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT is exactly a year ago that a reader wrote to me expressing the hope that some day I would write on physiognomy. He remarks: "Some people say it has been debunked. Nevertheless, I have noticed repeatedly that people of both sexes who appear to be above the average in intelligence or markedly so have large to very large ears." Regrettably, I have little to contribute on this subject, but as I have two more letters outstanding on the matter of ears, it may be possible to unite all three under one heading.

I recollect a boy in my form who had a particularly large nose. The form-master was similarly equipped. One day, before the whole class, the master spoke to the boy, telling him to consider himself lucky, because all men with big noses were unusually gifted mentally: they were men of outstanding ability. That incident occurred nearly fifty years ago, and I have always taken note of men with big noses within this context. My conclusions at this late date are conditioned by what we mean by intelligence. If that is interpreted as general ability, rather than scholarship, leading to outstanding personality, then I would be inclined to agree with my former form-master. And a big nose usually goes with big ears.

One thing, towards which I am more inclined, is that irregular features—the unbalanced face, so to speak—is indicative of a tendency towards originality and unorthodox ways. This type of face is usually adorned with conspicuous ears, perhaps because they are not lying as close to the head as they should do, and consequently appear large. However, my views on this lack the very necessary statistical analysis.

These remarks are somewhat random, and can have little real value to my correspondent or anyone else. On the other hand, one can be more positive in regard to the ears of animals, which was another point raised in the letter: the size of ears can have little relation to intelligence. We can recall the enormous ears of the African elephant, about twice the size of those of the Indian elephant. It would be hard to believe that the latter is less intelligent than its African cousin. Bears have small ears, foxes have large ears, seals have at the most a small pair of flaps: it would be almost impossible to adjudicate between these three in regard to mental capacities.

The largest ears, in proportion to size, are possessed by the long-eared jerboa of the Mongolian deserts: they are half as long as the length of head and body combined. A close second must be the fennec, the portrait of which will appear on a new issue of Algerian postage stamps, and the bat-eared fox. These, like the long-eared jerboa, are desert, or semi-desert animals, and although they are said to have unusually acute hearing, this is partly to be correlated with the possession of a very large auditory bulla.

Size of ears in animals varies with the habitat. Whales have no external ear, seals have very little, even the so-called earless seals having a tiny flap hidden within the opening to the internal ear, and otters have small ears. Desert animals tend to have large ears. Further, we find that, on the whole, in a group of related species, those in colder latitudes have smaller ears than those in warmer climates. This is usually illustrated

by the long ears of the jack rabbit of Arizona compared with the closely-related snowshoe rabbit of Arctic North America, the rabbits in intermediate areas having progressively smaller ears as we go north. Here, it is suggested, the smaller ears in the colder climates offer a smaller surface to the air, thus reducing the loss of body-heat. By contrast, the unusually large ears of the fennec would increase enormously the loss of body-heat, so keeping the animal cool. The somewhat striking

it is beset by a number of anomalies and contradictions. It may be that any rule relating to size of ears and intelligence in human beings could be admissible provided we allow for similar anomalies and contradictions.

The other two letters I referred to earlier relate to a different function of the ear. In the first of his letters, this second correspondent described how he was sitting in his office chair, tilted backwards, after lunch, when he dozed off. He awoke just in time to save himself falling backwards. He asked what mechanism warned him of the impending downfall. His second letter described his dog squatting before the fire and alternately dozing-off, tilting to one side, and opening his eyes just in time to rectify his balance. This problem is straightforward: we have a spirit-level in our heads.

Before it is possible to discuss this organ of balance adequately, it is necessary to say a little more precisely what we mean by ears. The word "ear," or its equivalent in any language, must have referred originally to the fleshy flap, sometimes spoken of as the conch and also as the pinna. The ear as a whole consists of the external ear (or pinna), the middle ear or funnel-shaped opening which includes the ear-drum, and the inner ear or actual apparatus for hearing. This last includes three slender, bony tubes, nearly semi-circular in shape, seated on the top of the rest of the hearing apparatus, and known as the semi-circular canals. Two are vertical, one is horizontal. They are filled with a fluid, and within a bulbous swelling at one end of each is a patch of sensory cells. To say we have a spirit-level in our head is to over-simplify. We have, rather, three pairs, the two sets of semi-circular canals, which inform us how the body is poised in space, enabling us automatically to correct the balance, when necessary, by muscular action. All this is automatic, and operative whether we are awake, asleep—or dozing.

The inner ear is, in fact, more complicated than has been represented here. Moreover, it differs slightly in structure from one species to another, yet is present in its basic form in all vertebrates. Some invertebrates, such as grasshoppers, can appreciate sounds (*i.e.*, they can hear), but theirs are not true ears and are best described as auditory or tympanal organs. They may be situated at some point on the body or on the legs.

Since most vertebrates can hear, snakes being an exception, we may very well ask why only mammals have a pinna. This question is particularly pertinent when we remember that the group of vertebrates making the most use of sound are the birds, which have no pinna. It may or may not be a coincidence, also, that the egg-laying mammals (platypus and echidna) also lack a pinna. As the pinna is supposed to direct the sound-waves into the inner ear, thereby increasing the acuteness of hearing, it is surprising that so many animals can dispense with it yet show evidence of an

acute hearing, or have a relatively small pinna, as in ourselves, yet hear moderately well. One cannot resist the thought that the pinna has only secondarily come to have the function of collecting sound-waves, and that its primary function is to ventilate the bodies of beasts coated with hair or fur.



A SMALL FOX OF THE DESERTS OF NORTH AFRICA AND ARABIA: THE FENNEC, WHICH HAS AN EXTREME LENGTH OF 2 FT. FROM NOSE TO TAIL AND VERY LARGE EARS.

The fennec avoids the heat of the day by remaining underground, and its enormous ears are said to help in keeping the animal cool. The soles of the fennec's feet are hairy for running over sand. It lives on small rodents and insects, especially locusts if they are available.



A LARGE-EARED ANIMAL: THE BAT-EARED FOX, WHICH LIVES IN COLONIES ON THE SANDY PLAINS OF SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA AND FEEDS MAINLY ON INSECTS.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

series formed by the ears of North American rabbits must, however, be set against the fact that the Riu Kiu rabbit, living in the islands of that name, south of Japan, has markedly short ears.

This general correlation between the lessening of the extremities and the colder climates is known as Allen's law. Like all laws in biology,



# SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:

# PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**THE BRISTOL WEST BY-ELECTION: MR. ROBERT COOKE.** Mr. Robert Cooke, who is twenty-six, became the youngest Conservative M.P. when he won the Bristol West by-election with a majority of 14,162. The Tory majority at the General Election was 22,001. In the Warwick and Leamington by-election, Mr. J. G. S. Hobson, Conservative, won with a majority of 2,157. The previous Tory majority: 13,466.



**A GREAT FLEET STREET FIGURE: THE LATE MR. H. EDDEN.** Mr. Harry Edden, who was renowned throughout Fleet Street as the "doyen of circulation managers," and was Circulation Manager of Illustrated Newspapers from December 1928 until his retirement in January 1955, died on March 4, aged eighty. Altogether he had been in the publishing industry for sixty-five years—a record among circulation managers.



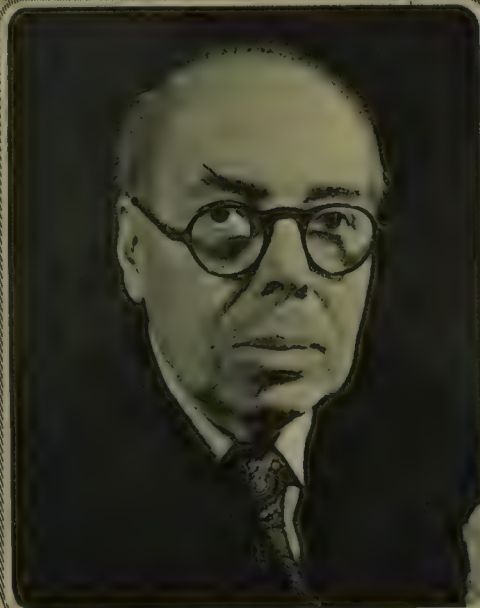
**ARCHBISHOP OF CAPE TOWN: THE LATE DR. CLAYTON.** The Most Rev. Geoffrey Clayton, D.D., Archbishop of Cape Town since 1948, died suddenly in Cape Town on March 7, aged seventy-two. Dr. Clayton, who was strongly opposed to the policy of *apartheid*, died shortly after writing to Mr. Strijdom, the Prime Minister, declaring the Church's defiance of the Government if it enforced *apartheid* in churches.



**A NEW DIRECTOR FOR THE W.R.A.C.: COLONEL MARY COLVIN.** Colonel Mary Colvin, at present Deputy Director, Women's Royal Army Corps, Headquarters, Eastern Command, is to succeed Brigadier Dame Mary Railton as Director of the W.R.A.C. in September. Colonel Colvin, who is forty-nine, will have the temporary rank of Brigadier. She received her commission in 1939.

## IRISH REPUBLIC GENERAL ELECTION VICTORY: MR. DE VALERA.

Mr. de Valera gained a clear victory in the Irish general election, winning 78 seats out of a House of 147. Mr. de Valera's party, Fianna Fail, has a majority of 9 seats over all other elements in the House combined. The Sinn Fein Party, representing a policy of armed action against the North, won 4 seats.



## DISTINGUISHED ARTIST AND AUTHOR: THE LATE MR. P. WYNDHAM LEWIS.

Mr. Percy Wyndham Lewis, who died in London on March 7, aged seventy-two, was an artist and writer of exceptional talent and individuality. In 1914 he founded the Vorticist Group, and edited its outspoken publication, "Blast." Soon afterwards he published his first novel, "Tarr." His activities as an artist ceased when he became blind in 1951.



**A FAMOUS AMERICAN POLAR EXPLORER DIES: REAR-ADML. BYRD.** Rear-Admiral Richard E. Byrd, who led numerous American Arctic and Antarctic expeditions, died on March 11, aged sixty-seven. He was a trustee of the National Geographic Society, had been decorated many times and received many honours.



## AN EMINENT SOLDIER: THE LATE GENERAL SIR ALEXANDER GODLEY.

General Sir Alexander Godley, who commanded the New Zealand Expeditionary Force in the First World War, and who was later C-in-C, British Army of the Rhine (1922-24) and Governor and C-in-C, Gibraltar (1928-33), died at the age of ninety on March 6. He was G.O.C.-in-C. Southern Command from 1924-28.

Portrait by Bertram Park.



## PROMOTED AIR CHIEF MARSHAL: AIR MARSHAL SIR HARRY BROADHURST.

The Air Ministry announced on March 6 that Sir Harry Broadhurst, A.O.C.-in-C., Bomber Command, since January 1956, had been promoted Air Chief Marshal, with effect from February 14. Sir Harry, who is fifty-one, was educated at Portsmouth Grammar School and joined the R.A.F. in 1926. He was C-in-C. of the 2nd Tactical Air Force in Germany from 1954-56.



**AT WINFIELD HOUSE, REGENT'S PARK: MRS. WHITNEY, WIFE OF THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, WITH HER DAUGHTERS AND HER TWO GRANDCHILDREN.** Mrs. Whitney, wife of the new United States Ambassador to Britain, was photographed with her two daughters of her former marriage and her two grandchildren at Winfield House, Regent's Park, on March 6. On the left is Miss Kate Roosevelt and on the right Mrs. Anthony Di Bonaventura, with her two children.



## PROMOTED AIR CHIEF MARSHAL: AIR MARSHAL SIR CLAUDE PELLY.

The Air Ministry announced on March 6 that Sir Claude Pelly, Controller of Aircraft, Ministry of Supply, since November 1956, had been promoted Air Chief Marshal, with effect from February 14. Sir Claude, who is fifty-four, entered Cranwell from Rugby in 1920 and was commissioned into the R.A.F. in 1922. From 1953-56 he was C-in-C., Middle East Air Force.





REPORTED TO BE THE WORK OF THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY ITALIAN PAINTER IL GAROFALO: ONE OF TWO MURAL PAINTINGS DISCOVERED DURING WORK IN A CHAPEL AT FERRARA, ITALY.

## AN AUCTION ROOM RECORD; ROYAL OCCASIONS; THE *BRITANNIA* IN NEW YORK; AND OTHER ITEMS.



A RECORD PRICE AT AUCTION: A FROZEN RIVER SCENE BY HENDRICK AVERCAMP WHICH WAS SOLD FOR £17,000 AT SOTHEBY'S ON MARCH 6.

A London dealer, Mr. Leonard Koetser, was the purchaser of this skating scene by the seventeenth-century Dutch artist, Hendrick Avercamp, which realised the world record price of £17,000 at Messrs. Sotheby's. (Oil on metal; 15½ by 25½ ins.)



THE FINAL PARADE OF NO. 601 (COUNTY OF LONDON) SQUADRON, R.Aux.A.F.: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, HONORARY AIR COMMODORE, TAKING THE SALUTE IN LONDON.



AT FINSBURY BARRACKS: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER INSPECTING THE FINAL PARADE OF THE 600 (CITY OF LONDON) SQUADRON, R.Aux.A.F. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, as Honorary Air Commodore, was present on March 10 at the final parade and took the salute at a march-past at Finsbury Barracks of No. 600 (City of London) Squadron, R.Aux.A.F., and of No. 2600 (City of London) Squadron, R.Aux.A.F. Regiment.



SEEN FOR THE FIRST TIME AT IDLEWILD, NEW YORK: THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINER, THE BRISTOL *BRITANNIA* 312, AFTER ITS ARRIVAL FROM SAN FRANCISCO. The world's largest airliner, the Bristol *Britannia* 312, made its New York debut on March 8 when it arrived there from San Francisco on the way to Rome. It completed the non-stop New York—Rome flight, of 4700 statute miles, in 12 hrs. 20 mins. at an average speed of 382 m.p.h., knocking 2 hrs. 15 mins. off the normal passenger service time.



ARRIVING AT PORTSMOUTH WHERE A HUGE CROWD WAS WAITING: THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER H.M.S. *ALBION* ON HER RETURN FROM THE MIDDLE EAST. The aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Albion* arrived at Portsmouth on March 6 from the Mediterranean. She was one of the aircraft-carriers from which attacks were launched during the Suez operation. "On the previous day the Duke of Gloucester flew to Cornwall, where he joined H.M.S. *Albion* at sea on her way to Portsmouth.





INSTALLED AT WOOLWICH: AN ELECTRICAL DEVICE TO ASSIST IN THE TACTICAL TRAINING OF NAVAL OFFICERS.

A new tactical training device for officer-students has been installed at the Royal Naval Tactical School, Woolwich, and was formally set in operation on March 6 by the Vice-Chief of Naval Staff, Admiral Sir William Davis, who is seen above to the far left making an opening address. The new "Teacher" consists of complex electrical apparatus which enables the movement of ships, submarines and aircraft to be reproduced, by representative light symbols, on a large wall screen in the classroom. During an exercise, two opposing teams are chosen, and the two team commanders form their plans of action from given information. The ships, aircraft and submarines on either side are controlled from separate cubicles in the classroom. The student in each cubicle is provided with a picture of the tactical situation, within the detection range of his own radar and asdics, as it develops, and

can communicate with other units by usual methods of sea communication. The officer-students are thus given the opportunity of exercising tactical skill in meeting situations which arise in active service conditions. Changes in course or speed made in the "control room" in each cubicle are automatically reproduced on the wall screen. The directors of the exercise, sitting in front of the cubicles and in view of the screen, are able to watch the development of the battle and the movement of all the units involved. Behind the screen a continuous record is kept of the action so that afterwards detailed criticism of each officer-student's decisions can be made. A similar Action Speed Tactical Teacher was installed at Malta, for the use of N.A.T.O. naval staffs, in 1953, and drawings, diagrams and a report of this appeared in our issue of January 1, 1955.





## NATURE'S WONDERLAND—NO. 10. ANIMALS AS ARCHITECTS—INSECT CRAFTSMEN

The work of insect craftsmen ranges from the simple operation of sewing leaves together with silk to throwing up mounds which are conspicuous landmarks, such as the large termite nests. These various works may be carried out single-handed, as when a caddis-worm builds itself a house, decorating it with sand-grains, sticks, shells or any other materials to hand. Some, on the other hand, are co-operative. It is not easy to decide which is the more remarkable, for even if the works cannot be looked upon as intelligent, the end achieved has every appearance of intelligence. To take but one example, certain bees live solitary lives, making cells for storing honey. Hive-bees, and others living in colonies, make similar cells but make more of them,

so that the combs are on a bigger scale altogether. These large combs, and the nests containing them, are not all built at once. The nest and comb are started by the queen, who gives herself up solely to egg-laying as soon as the first workers have hatched out. These continue her building work, and they in turn are replaced by later broods of workers, who continue to build as if working to a blue print. So far as the animal world is concerned, the nests of bees, wasps, ants and termites rival, and often excel, the most skilful works of birds, and both have few rivals outside the human race. It is true that each species uses a particular material and builds to a pattern which, if it varies at all, does so within narrow limits only. Yet taking the

—DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER, F.R.S.A.

## WHOSE SKILL, IN SOME CASES, IS UNRIVALLED OUTSIDE THE HUMAN RACE.

insects as a whole, a wide variety of substances is brought into service and the patterns used cover a wide range. We may marvel at them but we find it more difficult to explain why there should be this seeming intelligence, not only in their construction, but in their use. We look at the works of men and suppose, all too readily, that it is our superior brain that is at the bottom of all craftsmanship. No doubt this helps, but it is a humbling thought that insects, so low in the scale, can do so much. Moreover, animals even lower in the scale can do almost equally well. They have, in fact, far more craftsmanship than the monkeys and apes, which are inferior in brain-power only to ourselves. Even if we allow that when red ants, for instance,

WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON.

build a nesting mound with endless patience and labour, they work with a blind instinct, we still have to remember that there is purpose in it. It is not merely a mound, but contains a number of special chambers connected by a system of galleries. The chambers have their special uses, as quarters for the queens, and nurseries for the grubs and cocoons. The organisation does not end there, but includes transporting the cocoons into upper chambers when weather conditions are more suitable. Whether we are considering a caddis-worm, a solitary bee, or the highly-organised societies of bees, ants and termites, not only do we find that the building is purposeful but the use of the nests is not haphazard.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## "LOOK, WHERE THEY COME!"

By J. C. TREWIN.

I AM not very good company in any interval at the theatre. Intervals, though (let us be Shakespearian) "damned custom" has established them, seem to me to be a sad interruption of the play—especially when the play is one that, as "Antony and Cleopatra" does, offers the imaginative excitement that is the glory of the stage at its zenith.

As usual, during the two intervals of the Old Vic revival, I pined for the lights to fade again. Robert Helpmann had organised his production so fully and so swiftly that it seemed a crime to break the flow, and to consider the programme or a coffee-cup.

My main—almost my only—quarrel with Mr. Helpmann was in the first moment of the evening. The curtain rose, and there in the centre of the stage we saw an Alexandrian revel, with Antony's dotage "o'erflowing the measure." At the side of the stage stood Philo, who here is called Philo Canidius (in this cast some of the minor characters have been telescoped). The otherwise unremarked figure has one of Shakespeare's great opening fanfares: ten, a dozen lines that prepare us for the entry of Antony and Cleopatra, the transformed "triple pillar of the world" and the transcendent "gipsy." "Look, where they come!" cries Philo; and then, "Behold and see!" That is the true curtain-rise. I wait so eagerly for Philo's speech that it annoyed me, at the Vic, to have it blurred. Here I am outmoded enough to wish—in spite of the conventions of the Shakespearian stage—for a flight of steps and a theatrical-processional entry.

As it was, some minutes passed before the play grew in the mind. Both Keith Michell and Margaret Whiting had to establish themselves for me. I knew only that Mr. Michell had the appearance for the ravaged triumvir, and that Miss Whiting looked more like the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, with black silk hair, bugle eyeballs, and cheek of cream, than Shakespeare's Cleopatra, the "tawny" queen "with Phœbus' amorous pinches black." Historically, she was a Macedonian Greek; but on the stage she must appear as Shakespeare drew her: else, why not cut the lines?

Afterwards Mr. Helpmann won me. True, I did remember at Cleopatra's "Cut my lace, Charmian" what Herbert Farjeon said cheerfully, years ago: "A Cleopatra who asks for her laces to be cut and does not wear laces is not merely un-Elizabethan but insane." Still, it is a small matter, and just as small, I dare say, is my objection to the merging of characters: to the appearance of such people as Philo Canidius, Scurus Dercetas, Alexas Diomedes, and Euphronius Lamprius. I was not happy about the union of Soothsayer and Antony's "schoolmaster," and I did not like at all the dry, gritty enunciation of the superb

Such as I am, I come from Antony:  
I was of late as petty to his ends  
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf  
To his grand sea.

But begin to quote from the play, and where are we? A line or two earlier we have had Dolabella remembering when Antony would send "superfluous kings as messengers." What bounty Shakespeare would fling to his small parts! For his bounty, there was no winter in 't . . . in his livery walked crowns and crownets.

Let me cease to fret. Robert Helpmann has produced the great play with a simple majesty. A few obelisks—we think of them naturally as Cleopatra's

Needles—Roman and Egyptian insignia, an exciting flash and glow and flare of lighting, imaginative use of Gordon Jacob's music ("the noise of a sea-fight"), some expert grouping: there we are, the play always on the move—except during those wretched intervals—and the staging never allowed to interfere for a moment with the verse, to compete with it. Mr. Helpmann need merely indicate the ever-changing moods: Shakespeare does the rest. Even so, I have to remember here one of the most magically simple, simply magical, moments I have known at the

mingle with the younger brown"): here is a great soldier in his autumn. He speaks, too, better than I have known him in Shakespeare, and it is only at the end that he begins to throb too much, and to chew his final syllables. It is a performance with something of the grand manner: for that Shakespearians will be grateful. We can understand Octavius when, upon hearing of Antony's death, he says: "It is tidings to wash the eyes of kings."

Cleopatra (Margaret Whiting) also strives for the grand manner.

She is a highly intelligent actress unable yet to indicate the supreme fascination of the Queen or to speak at the last what Masfield has called "Those most marvellous words written at one golden time . . . when the man must have been trembling." But she can phrase the part and feel it, though at present it is on too small a scale; we do not get the full surge, or the wonder of the end when, robed and crowned, Royal Egypt passes to her Antony and to the amaranth of Elysium.

One's praise must be for gallantry rather than achievement; but some of us, remembering what we have endured from other Cleopatras far inferior to Miss Whiting, would not dream of any curt dismissal. Many people show their age when they whisper to themselves or to a neighbour (I hope, in one of those intervals) the phrase, "O weederdee degar-

lano devar," a line of gibberish that takes us, across twenty years, to a performance still barbed in the incredulous mind.

We shall think of the current Old Vic "Antony" with respect, and often with a tingle of excitement. Several of the smaller parts are well-managed: Leon Gluckman's Octavius, fashioned of the chilliest Roman marble; Derek Francis's Lepidus, timid chairman at the meeting of the triumvirate in Rome (Mr. Michell is precisely right in this scene); the Alexas of David Dodimead, watchful guardian; and the good-humoured Enobarbus of Derek Godfrey, even if here I found the actor a little too consciously at ease: a sound performance, but without the astringency that the late Randle Ayrton gave, unforgettably, to a blunt soldier, his lips royally touched.

One word more. Mr. Helpmann must always get me to remember how as Antony (in Rome) cries "I' the east my pleasure lies," Cleopatra is already approaching from the Alexandrian side of the stage. For a few seconds there they are, as it were sharing the world between them. Then Antony is gone, and Cleopatra turns to the business of the scene, "Give us some music; music, moody food of us that trade in love."

" . . . That trade in love." I have to say, briefly, that Edwige Feuillère, as Marguerite Gautier, has opened her London season at the Palace. She acts the famous old exercise with practised ease, if still without getting me to feel that it is a major theatrical occasion. But she is a shining actress, and her Phèdre, long-awaited, will offer more chances than the poor dear "Dame aux Camélias."

As for "Subway in the Sky," at the Savoy Theatre, this does not pretend to be more than two hours of agreeable suspense: fugitive at top of skyscraper; woman bravely hiding him; police outside. Ian Main, the author, and his company (Margaret Lockwood, Zachary Scott, Nigel Stock, for example) got me so quickly into the right mood that here again I was intolerant of the intervals. Look, where they come. . . .



"THE CURTAIN ROSE, AND THERE IN THE CENTRE OF THE STAGE WE SAW AN ALEXANDRIAN REVEL . . .": THE OPENING SCENE OF SHAKESPEARE'S "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA" (OLD VIC), SHOWING ANTONY (KEITH MICHELL) AND CLEOPATRA (MARGARET WHITING) WITH HER COURT.



MICHAEL V. GAZZO'S DRAMA OF A NEW YORK DRUG ADDICT, PRODUCED BY SAM WANAMAKER: "A HATFUL OF RAIN" (PRINCES), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY IN WHICH THE DISILLUSIONED FATHER GETS TO GRIPS WITH HIS SONS. (L. TO R.) JOHN POPE, SENR. (GEORGE COULOURIS); POLO POPE (SAM WANAMAKER); JOHNNY POPE (BONAR COLLEANO) AND CELIA POPE (SALLY ANN HOWES).

Vic in recent years: the moment when day dawns over the palace of Alexandria, and, slowly, the obelisks are tinged with the rose of morning. Eros sleeps by Antony's armour. Then, with the rising sun, Antony and Cleopatra come out to face the new day, the new hope.

Antony is in the centre of this production. Keith Michell looks the part ("Grey do something

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"LA PARISIENNE" (Palace).—Edwige Feuillère in a double bill: Henri Becque's play and Prosper Mérimée's "Le Carosse du Saint-Sacrement." (March 8.)

"THE WIT TO WOO" (Arts).—Comedy by Mervyn Peake. (March 12.)

"OLIVE OGILVIE" (Aldwych).—Yolande Donlan in a play by Henry Denker, directed by the author. (March 13.)

"THE IRON DUCHESS" (Cambridge).—Athene Seyler and Ronald Squire in William Douglas Home's comedy. (March 14.)



# FINE 19TH-CENTURY FRENCH PICTURES: FROM A CURRENT LONDON EXHIBITION.



"PLAGE DE TROUVILLE"; A CHARMING BEACH SCENE BY EUGENE BOUDIN (1825-98) IN THE IMPRESSIVE EXHIBITION OF NINETEENTH- AND TWENTIETH-CENTURY FRENCH PAINTINGS AT THE LEFEVRE GALLERY. SIGNED AND DATED, 1881. (Oil on panel; 6½ by 10½ ins.)



"LA JETEE A DEAUVILLE"; ANOTHER CHARACTERISTIC BOUDIN IN THE LEFEVRE EXHIBITION, WHICH CONTINUES UNTIL APRIL 27. SIGNED AND DATED, 1889. (Oil on panel; 13 by 16½ ins.)



"JEUNE GARÇON ACCROUPI"; A STRIKING STUDY BY GEORGES SEURAT (1859-91) WHICH WAS DRAWN IN ABOUT 1882. (Charcoal drawing; 12½ by 9½ ins.)



"PAYSAGE AVEC PERSONNAGES"; A VIVID PAINTING OF 1870 BY PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919). (Oil on canvas; 10½ by 8½ ins.)



"JEUNE FILLE AU CHAPEAU D'ÉTÉ"; A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT SKETCH BY EDOUARD MANET (1832-83), OF 1879-80. (Pastel on canvas; 22 by 13½ ins.)



"BERCK"; ONE OF TWO LANDSCAPES IN THIS EXHIBITION PAINTED BY BOUDIN DURING THE VERY WET SUMMER OF 1890. SIGNED AND DATED. (Oil on canvas; 20½ by 29½ ins.)



"ARGENTEUIL"; A COLOURFUL LANDSCAPE PAINTED BY RENOIR IN ABOUT 1888, WHEN HE WAS LIVING IN PARIS. (Oil on canvas; 21½ by 26 ins.)

Though there are only twenty-one works in the exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century French Paintings at the Lefèvre Gallery, 30, Bruton Street, their high standard makes this a most impressive exhibition. Among the pictures not shown here are two Bonnard nudes in interiors, two important Degas pastels—one of dancers—a Braque still-life of 1930, and the "Portrait of Madame Alexandre Natanson" painted by Vuillard in 1906. The four Boudins (three of them are reproduced above) provide a valuable opportunity

for comparison between this artist's landscapes and his more familiar beach and harbour scenes. In a letter of 1868 Boudin wrote in defence of his "little studies of fashionable beach resorts"—then apparently under fire from his friends, but now enjoying immense popularity. "I still persist in following my own little road," he wrote, "however untrod it may be, wishing only to walk with a surer and firmer step." By carrying out this determination, Boudin made a significant contribution to nineteenth-century French painting.





GHANA BECOMES A MEMBER OF THE UNITED NATIONS: THE SECURITY COUNCIL IN NEW YORK VOTING UNANIMOUSLY FOR HER ADMISSION.

Ghana became the eighty-first member state of the United Nations on March 8 when she was admitted unanimously by the General Assembly in New York. The day before the Security Council had unanimously recommended the admission of Ghana, now the first Commonwealth state to be ruled by Africans.



AT THEIR MEETING IN PARIS ON MARCH 9: FROM L. TO R., M. PINEAU, MR. MACMILLAN, M. MOLLET AND MR. SELWYN LLOYD.

On March 9 the British and French Prime Ministers and their two Foreign Ministers met in Paris to discuss world affairs. Mr. Macmillan said on his return that subjects discussed included the European Common Market, the reorganisation of British forces in Europe and the question of British and French use of the Suez Canal.



ALMOST A FLYING SAUCER: A RECENT PICTURE OF AN AMERICAN NAVY EXPERIMENT IN THE "DUCTED FAN" PRINCIPLE OF FLIGHT AND PROPULSION. THIS MACHINE HAS UNDERGONE TRIALS SINCE 1955.



THE OLNEY, BUCKS, VERSUS LIBERAL, KANSAS, PANCAKE RACE: THE BRITISH WINNER, MISS SANDRA SIBLEY.

The eighth pancake race between the women of Olney, Bucks, and of Liberal, Kansas, was won by Miss S. Sibley, of Olney, an 18-year-old sparking plug machinist. Her time for the 415 yards was 1 min. 8 secs.



THE ST. JOAN MEMORIAL WINDOW AT THE FORMER ETHICAL CHURCH, INVERNESS PLACE, BAYSWATER, WITH A PORTRAIT OF BERNARD SHAW, BOTTOM LEFT.

Perhaps less known than it deserves to be is the above stained-glass window at the former Ethical Church in Inverness Place, Bayswater. In our issue of March 2 we reported the accidental burning of the heroine in a film of Shaw's "St. Joan."



KENYA'S FIRST AFRICAN ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP, MGR. MAURICE OTUNGA, GIVING HIS FIRST EPISCOPAL BLESSING SHORTLY AFTER HIS RECENT CONSECRATION.

Kenya's first African Roman Catholic Bishop was recently consecrated at a place some 200 miles from Nairobi by the retiring Apostolic Delegate to East and West Africa, Archbishop J. R. Knox. He is Mgr. Maurice Otunga, aged thirty-five, Bishop of Tacepe.



A PORPOISE'S TENTH BIRTHDAY: A DIVER HOLDING THE CAKE MADE FOR SPRAY, THE OLDEST LIVING PORPOISE BORN AND RAISED IN CAPTIVITY.

At the Marine Studios in Marineland, Florida, a birthday cake, with fishes instead of candles, was fed to Spray and his companion porpoises on the occasion of his tenth birthday. He is said to be the oldest living porpoise born and raised in captivity.



# Shell guide to trees in MARCH

PAINTED BY S. R. BADMIN, R.W.S.



Late in March rain and warmth set the trees blossoming. Poplars, for example, which flower before the leaves appear. On the BLACK ITALIAN POPLAR (1) the male catkins or "Devil's Fingers" (1A) are scarlet, lengthening to orange-yellow. The LOMBARDY POPLAR (2) has similar catkins. These tall Lombardy Poplars came from Central Asia and Afghanistan, whereas the sturdier Black Italian is a cross between our Black Poplar and an American species. The GREY POPLAR (3), with smooth bark and hairy catkins (3A), may be a native.

By the waterside, the ALDER (4) bears reddish male catkins (4A) and female catkins (4B) on one tree, still retaining last year's female catkins or false cones (4C), which contained the fruits.

The GOAT WILLOW (5) is golden with the male catkins or "goslings" (5A) often used as palm on Palm Sunday. The female catkins (5B) grow on separate bushes. Catkins may now be opening on the yellow twigs of WEEPING WILLOW (6 and 6A), from China, the tree of willow-pattern plates. The WHITE WILLOW (7), common by rivers, has its catkins (7A) rather later. The ALMOND (8 and 8A) comes from Persian gardens. Orchard PLUMS (9 and 9A) show a speckle of white, so does a humbler wild relation the BLACKTHORN or SLOE (10).



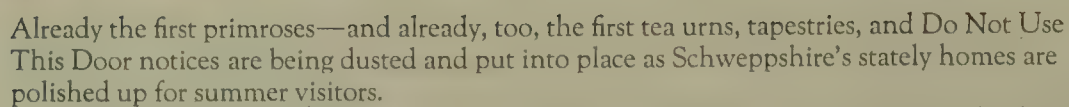
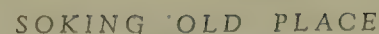
Shell's series of monthly "NATURE STUDIES: Fossils, Insects and Reptiles", which gave so many people pleasure last year, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd. at 7s. The Shell Guide to "Flowers of the Countryside" and Shell's "NATURE STUDIES: Birds and Beasts" are also available at 7s. each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls.

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First let us give you this pre-season glimpse of Soking Old Place, open to the public this year. Bits of it really are quite stately, and when we scraped the beam in the scullery and found a sort of lumpy pattern, *Palimpsest* had a paragraph about our "carved soffit" with its "genuine ham and eggs moulding". And if the new tenants of Wett Chamberlayne can "throw open their gardens" (half an acre of weeds and a strong smell of fermenting grass clippings) why not us? To make it more "for the people" there is the suit of genuine stage armour, which we bought specially at Yarmouth, to go with the two Roman pots; and the taxi which took us to the coronation is preserved in the stables and may be sat in for an extra threepence.

In the picture we are planning not to cut out the tool shed but put *To the Armoury* on it in Gothic type. Old Mr. Carter has taken the split infinitives out of our Guide, which should show a profit now that the back page has been bought by Chez Maison Doris, the Soking dress shop, though the picture they have chosen for their advertisement is rather a curious one. There is a genuinely newly discovered secret panel which turns out to have been put in to supply the telephone extension to the top floor, sub-let to Mr. Carter. As he is only seen occasionally at windows we are thinking of saying that that part of the house is shut off, slightly suggesting a family curse, if not an Old Soking Monster.

Written by Stephen Potter : designed by George Him



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THIS golden week provides two novels of great spiritual charm, along with the happiness of anticipation. For in each case we expect as much. "The Player's Boy," by Bryher (Collins; 12s. 6d.), is, of course, historical, and one may well be struck by the author's range. First the year of Hastings, then the Roman frontier in Switzerland; now we are in Jacobean England. This versatility, this natural-seeming evocation of so many pasts, is indeed rare enough. Yet on a deeper level, Bryher always writes about the same thing. She writes of defeat, decadence, the triumph of barbarism—always from the losing side. Her tales are all nobly, musically sad, but this is the saddest yet. It is a heart-broken story; and one can see at once what has made the difference. Before, there was an external enemy; the good was defeated, not infected. Here it is the good itself, the splendour of Gloriana's England, which is rotting away, corrupting from bad to worse.

And the hero is heart-broken in grain. Little James Sands, the player's apprentice, has been born out of time. His first, adored master, Austin Phillips, calls him a changeling. Misery and filth, violence and the plague never cease to terrify him. Even as a boy, he cries out that "it is easier to die than to be alive." And though he may have "one summer for a garland," he will have no luck. Our first glimpse of him is in 1605, at Master Phillips's deathbed. Phillips belonged to the Great Age; he is "an emperor, dying most nobly," but emperors are already going out. The player's boy is being cast on a meaner world. Yet neither would he have done for an Elizabethan: not like the sailor-boy Martin, whose uncle was one of Raleigh's men, and who wants his playfellow to stow away for the Indies and perhaps never come back. Sands cannot do it; he has the vision, but his nerve fails. And he is not even a born actor; again he has the vision, but not the craft. Or at least only once: the spring he meets Francis Beaumont, and enjoys his transfigured hour in a clean, quiet manor-house and the heart-broken rôle of Bellario. However, this new patron forgets him, and dies "moonstruck"; and Sands can only plod on downhill, in an England so base that, thirty years after the Armada, Raleigh is being led to the scaffold, while Gondomar watches behind a curtain for "Spain's revenge." The lights are all out, the player's boy turns clerk for his bread. And even so he will have no luck... but the end, pitiful and squalid, has a gleam of heroism. And though the whole story is like a sob, it is also music.

## OTHER FICTION.

"The Other Traveller," by N. Brysson Morrison (Hogarth Press; 13s. 6d.), has not this seductive cadence; its music is of the spheres, though it could also—almost—be described as a novelette. In fact, one could readily make it sound naïve. English Dick Sadler had a wife named Vivien, and a road-house, The Cherry Pie. Now they are both gone; the road-house failed, and Vivien, with whom he is still painfully in love, has walked out on him. And he is taking a job as manager of The Drochet Arms, in darkest Scotland: because it was put in his way, and since he *must* have a destination, the back of beyond is the best place. Only, it proves to be quite different from what he expected, if he expected anything. This country, like The Drochet which has grown out of it, is another world: a world of daunting, and even haunting strangeness. He is unnerved at first, and thinks he can't stand it. And then... yes, he is converted by it: and after a brief trial of his fitness, prepares to live happily with Fiona Thain, the soul of this world.

I have left out that it is a ghost story. And there remains the author's vision: that peculiar serenity, or consolation, she can distil from the spirit of place and the flow of time. It might be deceptive to call her Wordsworthian, yet there would be truth in it.

We now return to ground-level. "A Health Unto His Majesty," by Jean Plaidy (Robert Hale; 12s. 6d.), is volume two of the author's trilogy on Charles II; and since we already know her to be as pro-Charles as an honest writer can possibly be, it has no surprises. Her method is to concentrate on his leading women: for these years, Barbara Palmer and Catherine of Braganza, with Frances Stuart, so tastelessly virtuous, as runner-up. In the background are such public events as the great plague and fire, and the Dutch war; and the curtain opportunely descends on the Popish Plot. As always, painstaking, readable and sincere.

"Time to Kill," by Gerald Ward (Jarrolds; 11s. 6d.), is on classical, or old-fashioned lines: so much so that Colonel Bampfurd, V.C., is actually brained in his study, and keeps a butler. A Chinese vase has been broken over his thin skull. He has also been robbed, and the whole set-up suggests a burglar caught in the act. Indeed the burglar is found; whereupon Inspector Baxter (of the old school) is called away, leaving Sergeant Masterman (of the new, though not aggressively new school) to tidy up. The story, which began rather flat, afterwards turns out to be good value, thorough yet not stolid, and very agreeable reading.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

IT is a truism to say that behind organised chess is organisation, but it is remarkable to see generation after generation of junior players taking the organisation for granted. As far as they are concerned, it all "just happened"; they attend congresses or county matches and one can say with 100 per cent. truth of the majority of them that the only time they even think of the organisers or, indeed, that there are such things as organisers, is when they raise their heads to howl in fury over some slight hitch in the programmes.

Which, seeing that the said organisers are usually unpaid (often paying—!) amateurs doing it for the love of chess and their fellow-creatures, is a little hard.

My aim when I started this article, however, was not to hymn man's ingratitude to man but to tell of a successful piece of chess club organising which, I can freely concede as chief organiser, has certainly not been marked by any ingratitude to me.

When the war ended, our local club was but a few years of rather tenuous existence old. It occurred to me one day that, pontificating on chess throughout the civilised world as I am wont, it was disgraceful to have a virtually moribund club on my doorstep.

So for some eleven or twelve years I have tended our little club. To visit it now cheers me, for it is on the way to becoming one of the largest small-town chess clubs in the country. To recall how little I knew about the job when I started makes me humble.

Up to only two or three years ago, we had made little progress. Two new ideas suddenly made everything hum; to describe them may help others.

The first was our ranking list. Following a system devised by Mr. Tharp, of Leicester, we gave each member an estimated ranking figure. "From now on," we announced, "anybody could challenge anybody in a continuous event which becomes the club's official tournament." To the loser's ranking figure was added 50. The winner's rank was subtracted, the difference divided by five, and the answer was the "swing" scored on that game. This "swing" was added to the winner, subtracted from the loser. For draws, the "swing" was a fifth of the difference between rankings; added to the lesser, taken from the greater. The calculation is simpler than it sounds.

The effect is easier to understand than the calculation.

Supposing A, a rabbit, plays B, an expert. If B wins he gains about 1 point, A losing 1. If A wins he may gain 30 points, B suffering correspondingly. Even a draw against a weaker opponent can seriously harm one's ranking.

This ranking tournament was an immediate success. Two members, simultaneously "free," could always sit down to a serious tournament game. If the rabbits lost time after time, they had the incentive that one win could cancel the effect of weeks of failure. Soon everybody in the club knew everybody else—the most important achievement of all!

Just when the ranking list was beginning to weaken its hold, we had our second inspiration.

Our club was by now running four teams in the local league, but it became obvious that a dozen or so members were too poor as players ever to get a match. The same people languished far too consistently at the bottom of the ranking list, and were dropping away discouraged.

"Why not enter a team of complete rabbits? After all, there is no relegation from Division IV because that's the lowest division there is." "What harm if they lose every match? What if they lose every game? Who is any the worse off?"

We entered them as the "Triers"—and they are the keenest team in the club. "Triers" turned up for one six-board match! Four of them have lost every game they have played. Incredibly, however, the team has drawn no fewer than four matches—usually by turning out in full strength on a filthy night, picking up a few games by default and scraping a win and a draw out of the rest, just enough to tie. When the Triers draw a match, there are smiling faces all round the club, and far more joy than when the First Team grinds out its customary win.

New members are arriving, just to join the Triers; they were too bashful to join the club at all before!

## ON PAINTERS AND PAINTING AND A BOOK FOR COLLECTORS.

FORGOTTEN for close on four centuries until Guglielmo Manzi discovered it in the Vatican Library in 1817, there lay the Codex Urbinas Latinus, 1270, which contains the earliest known compilation of Leonardo da Vinci's famous "Treatise on Painting." Of this the great scholar, Ludwig Heydenreich, has said that: "no greater man has ever undertaken to speak as a painter to other painters: and none has ever equalled him in wealth of ideas and information, and in his considered expression of them." When Leonardo da Vinci died, he left all his manuscripts and drawings to his pupil and friend, Francesco Melzi. The Codex contains a careful compilation of texts of Leonardo's writings, which were made, from internal evidence, in about

1550 under Melzi's supervision. A. Philip McMahon, in "Leonardo da Vinci: Treatise on Painting," in two volumes (Princeton University Press and Oxford University Press; 160s. per set), has analysed, translated and annotated this great work. The first volume contains the translated text, the second the facsimile, with Leonardo's didactic drawings. The translation into English occupied the last eight years of the late Philip McMahon's life, and is a monument to him of which his widow, who prepared the book for the press, is justly proud. When one has read it, not only does one feel that one is qualified to become a painter under the guidance of a long-dead hand, but the general reader will fall an easy victim to the charm of Leonardo's style. Take such passages as the one which is headed "How he who disparages painting loves neither philosophy nor nature," or such a one as "On the beauty of faces. Do not paint muscles with harsh outlines, but let soft lights fade imperceptibly into pleasant, delightful shadows; from this come about grace and beauty of form." And having read "The Treatise on Painting," I shall now, with Leonardo, remember the shapes of my friends' faces by committing to memory the shape of their noses, which are, as he points out, of ten kinds: "straight, crooked, concave, with a projection higher or lower than the middle, aquiline, flat, turned up, round, and pointed." The book is a splendid piece of scholarship, and, as I say, a monument to its translator.

Sir John Rothenstein brought out five years ago a valuable volume on modern English painters. There were seventeen of them, arranged chronologically, from Sickert to Smith. Each painter was treated individually, so that the tendencies and "movements" in modern art were subordinated to them. In "Modern English Painters—Lewis to Moore" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 35s.), Sir John gives us a second and most satisfying instalment. He adopts the same technique (this is perhaps common prudence, as nothing nowadays appears to arouse more passion than modern art!). It may perhaps be argued that the "modernity" of the painters treated is a comparative phrase, as at least half were born in the '80's of the last century, and the "baby" among them is Henry Moore, who will be sixty next year. The oldest is the ever-young Wyndham Lewis, who is a lively stripling of seventy-three. Duncan Grant, and that lamented trio, the late Paul Nash, C. R. W. Nevinson and Mark Gertler, are represented, as is Stanley Spencer and Ben Nicholson, the fortunate recipient, as I write, of a cheque for 10,000 dollars from President Eisenhower for the first Guggenheim international award. The book is copiously illustrated, and from the illustrations one can judge that in no sense can the "moderns" here represented be described as a school. Sir John writes well and with perception, and this should be an invaluable book for the art-lover.

Those who have been delighted for many years by Mr. Frank Davis' page elsewhere in *The Illustrated London News* will be grateful to him for "The Collector's Week-End Book" (Seeley Service; 15s.). One of Mr. Davis' purposes in writing this book has been to guide the cultivated man or woman along the path to becoming virtuosos, in the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century sense of the word. He claims that more and more people nowadays are joining that select band. In this I beg to differ from him. This book of his is the perfect bedside companion. You can dip into it at any page, and find something curious, informative, or unusual. Whether it is Chinese porcelain or glass, or clocks and watches, or the artistic contributions of

Florence and Siena, Mr. Davis has something for the intelligent and discriminating reader. It would make an admirable birthday present for the younger generation, and is worth noting down for this year's Christmas list.

Pablo Picasso has for half a century now *épâté les bourgeois* and become one of the highest-priced painters in the world. In "Picasso," by Frank Elgar and Robert Maillard, translated from the French by Francis Scarfe (Thames and Hudson; 25s.), the authors have hit on the interesting device of printing side by side on the same page Frank Elgar's study of his work and Robert Maillard's biographical study. It is a device which admirably succeeds. The authors describe it as "a definitive full biography," and I think can be said to have justified their claim. The book contains 398 illustrations, including seventy-five excellently reproduced in colour. E. D. O'BRIEN.

K. JOHN.



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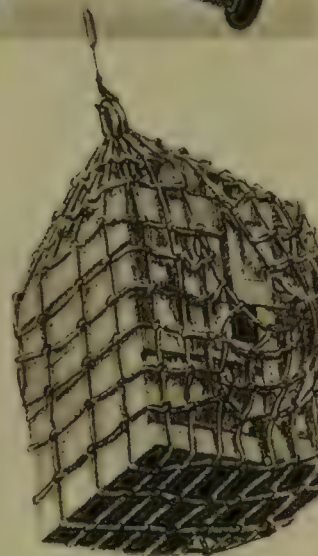
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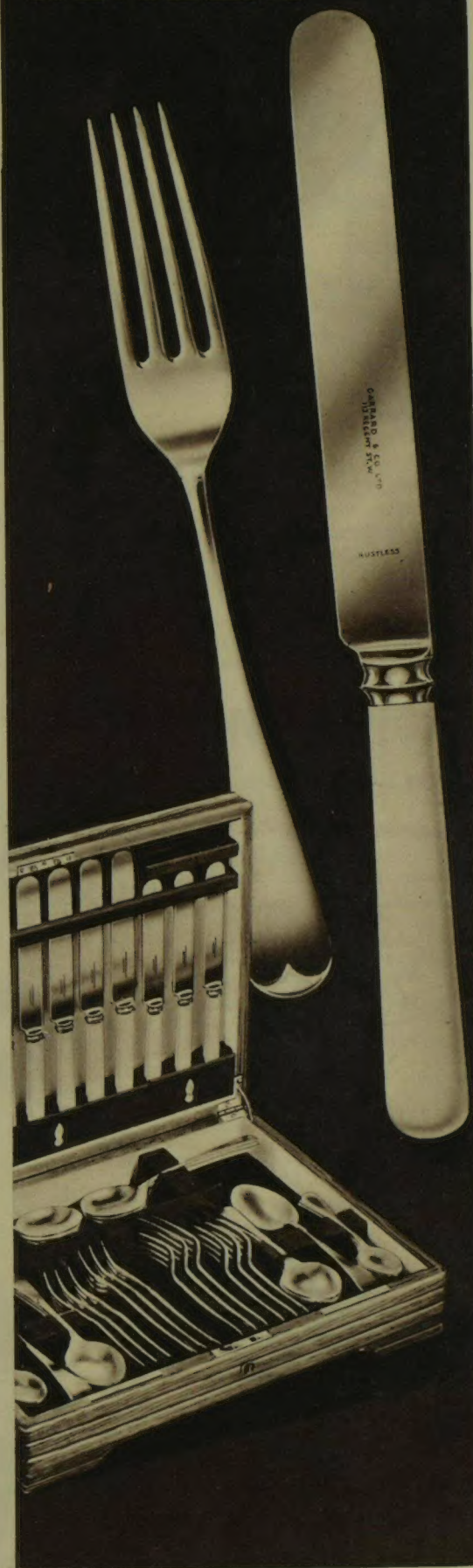
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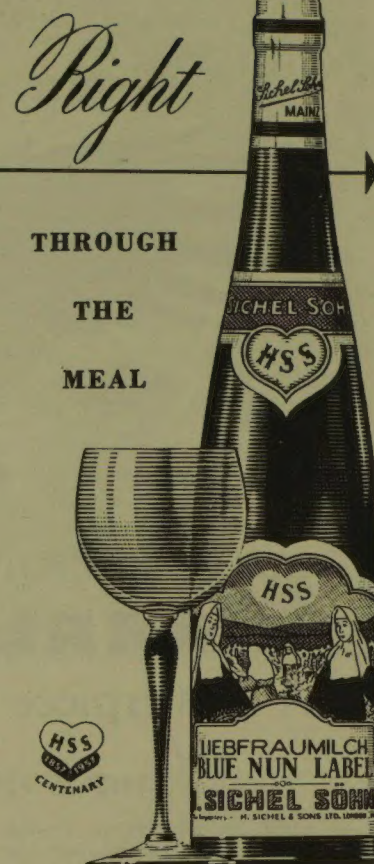


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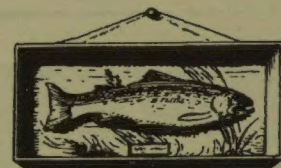
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## TAKING TEA WITH THE WORLD

# Recipe for a Tea Salad

ILLUSTRATED BY BERTOGLIO

In Burma, the tea leaf, often called 'Nat Thit Ywet' (leaf of the gods), is eaten in pickled form (la-pet) as well as being brewed as a drink.

Pickled tea plays an important part in functions and social gatherings. A betrothed couple used to be considered married after eating pickled tea from the same dish. Legal squabbles were often settled out of court in the same way.

To pickle tea, the Burmese mix zaungya fruit with it, and leave it for a week or two, tightly packed. This is then dressed with sessamum oil, and served with powdered dried shrimps, roasted sessamum seeds, fried garlic, fried monkey nuts, fried sliced coconut and roasted peas.

In the country, and in poorer homes, tea for drinking is put in earthenware kettles in which the water has boiled, and is served from them. In the towns and middle class homes, it is made and served as in this country.



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